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# AN ANTHOLOGY OF PATRIOTIC PROSE

SELECTED BY

FREDERICK PAGE

The impassioned strain  
Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain.

WORDSWORTH, *On a Tract occasioned by  
the Convention of Cintra.*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS  
HUMPHREY MILFORD  
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE  
AND BOMBAY  
1915





## PREFACE

PATRIOTISM is illustrated in this book mainly from our English literature, but a few translations have been admitted.

As is proper to the present time, the book begins and ends with war as the expression of patriotism—with the patriot as soldier—but between this alpha and omega the other expressions of patriotism known to letters find their place, in a series of groups mutually supplementary and corrective: our English national pride is balanced with the patriotism of other countries, and something is said of patriotism falsely so called. It is by no means intended that the groups should 'cancel out', and in the end nothing be affirmed: this is an anthology in praise of patriotism, and, as such, includes warnings against false and imperfect notions of the virtue.

No Englishman who listens to his conscience will be able to accept for England all the praise given her in the following pages. He will be wise not to excuse her failures in social and political justice with the words of Patmore: 'Such vast integrity can well afford Some stains in working': it will be enough to say with Cowper: 'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.'

Truth-teaching is a trade he only knows by half  
Who does not o'er his labour sing and laugh,

and I have poked fun at the anti-patriotic cant of a good writer, and closed one of my groups with a pun from Lowell's Parson Wilbur. Here also is the laughter of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*.

F. P.

March, 1915.

## A NOTE OF THANKS

SPECIAL thanks are due to Messrs. Burns & Oates for permission to include two passages from the translation of Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral Letter of Christmas, 1914, and to Mrs. Meynell for permission to quote a passage from one of her *Pall Mall Gazette* articles; also to the following copyright-owners for permission to include passages from the authors named below: Messrs. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. (Ruskin, 3 passages); Mr. Mackenzie Bell (Swinburne, 2 passages); Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons (George Eliot); Messrs. Chatto & Windus (R. L. Stevenson, 2 passages); Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. (Mr. G. K. Chesterton); Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. (James Martineau, 4 passages; T. H. Green, 2 passages); Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. (Dean Church; General Gordon; Mr. H. Fielding Hall); Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd. (Mr. Hilaire Belloc); Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., Ltd. (General Gordon, 2 passages); The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd. (Thomas Davis, 2 passages); Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (R. L. Stevenson, 3 passages); and to the editor of *The Working-Men's College Journal* for a passage from one of Ruskin's lectures.

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## IN TIME OF WAR

WHAT between the sectarians and the political economists, the English are denationalized. England I see as a country, but the English nation seems obliterated. What could reintegrate us again? Must it be another threat of foreign invasion?

S. T. COLERIDGE, *Table Talk*. Jan. 12, 1834.

1772-1834.

### SENTIMENTS PROPER TO THE PRESENT CRISIS

To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be necessary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to extend your views to a distant futurity, and to consequences the most certain, though most remote. By a series of criminal enterprises, by the success of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished; the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled, in the Thermopylae of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary interests, you

my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the foederal representatives of the human race ; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born ; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it ? It remains with you, then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good ; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God ; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence ; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders ; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapped in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go, then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen ; advance with alacrity into the field, where God Himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you her aid ; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctu-

ary ; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God ; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the spirit ; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms.

While you have everything to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success ; so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in the struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part ; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead ; while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them), will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals ! Your mantle fell when you ascended ; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to 'swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever', they will protect Freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And

Thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, 'gird on Thy sword, Thou Most Mighty,' go forth with our hosts in the day of battle ! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from Thy presence ! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes ! Inspire them with Thine own ; and, while led by Thine hand, and fighting under Thy banners, open Thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire ! ' Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark ; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.'

R. HALL, *The Sentiments proper to the present  
Crisis: A Sermon*, October 19, 1803.

1764-1831.

#### WAR IN THE BALANCE

OFTEN have I reflected with awe on the great and disproportionate power, which an individual of no extraordinary talents or attainments may exert, by merely throwing off all restraint of conscience. What then must not be the power, where an individual, of consummate wickedness, can organize into the unity and rapidity of an individual will, all the natural and artificial forces of a populous and wicked nation ? And could we bring within the field of imagination, the devastation effected in the moral world, by the violent removal of old customs, familiar sympathies, willing reverences, and habits of subordination almost naturalized into instinct ; of the mild influences of reputation, and the other ordinary props and aidances of our infirm virtue,

or at least, if virtue be too high a name, of our well-doing ; and above all, if we could give form and body to all the effects produced on the principles and dispositions of nations by the infectious feelings of insecurity, and the soul-sickening sense of unsteadiness in the whole edifice of civil society ; the horrors of battle, though the miseries of a whole war were brought together before our eyes in one disastrous field, would present but a tame tragedy in comparison. Nay, it would even present a sight of comfort and of elevation, if this field of carnage were the sign and result of a national resolve, of a general will, so to die, that neither deluge nor fire should take away the name of COUNTRY from their graves, rather than to tread the same clods of earth, no longer a country, and themselves alive in nature, but dead in infamy. What is Greece at this present moment ? It is the COUNTRY of the Heroes from Codrus to Philopœmen ; and so it would be, though all the sands of Africa should cover its corn-fields and olive-gardens, and not a flower were left on Hymettus for a bee to murmur in.

S. T. COLERIDGE, *The Friend*,  
September 21, 1809 (revised 1818).

1772-1834.

#### AN ORATION OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

THIS Sir Philip Sidney, at or before the taking of Axel, within an English mile of the town, called so many of his soldiers together as could hear him, and there made a long oration, wherein he declared what cause they had in hand, as God's cause ; under and for whom they fought, for her Majesty, whom they knew so well to be so good unto them ;



that he needed not to show against whom they fought, men of false religion, enemies to God and His Church; against Antichrist, and against a people whose unkindness both in nature and in life did excel, that God would not leave them unpunished. Further, he persuaded them that they were Englishmen, whose valour the world feared and commended, and that now they should not either fear death or peril whatsoever, both for that their service they ought to their Prince, and further, for the honour of their country and credit to themselves. Again, the people whom they fought for were their neighbours, always friends and well-willers to Englishmen. And further, that no man should do any service worth the noting, but he himself would speak to the uttermost to prefer him to his wished purpose. Which oration of his did so link the minds of the people, that they desired rather to die in that service than to live in the contrary.

J. STOW, *Chronicle*. 1615.

1525 ?-1605.

#### ‘ TO FIGHT FOR KING GEORGE UPON THE THRONE ’

AGAINST these Rebels, and these their Assistants, we have an Army now in this Kingdom of upwards of sixty thousand Men, exclusive of Marines, Invalids, Train’d Bands and Militia; and these backed by two millions of People (for so many at least may be supposed also to bear Arms) among whom there is not, I hope, a single Protestant, capable of drawing his Sword, who would not unsheath it in Defence of his present Majesty, of his legal and mild Administration, and of the Religion, Laws, and Liberties of his Country.

Let us banish, therefore, all Despair, as well from our Brows as from our Hearts. Let us resolve to empty the last Farthing from our Purses, and drain the last Drop from our Hearts in this glorious Cause. Let us resolve to live Free Men, or die Brave Ones.

Should this be our Resolution, the Success of our Enemies is (humanly speaking) impossible; nay, the personal Danger to most of us is so inconsiderable, that those who bravely determine to attend his Majesty in the last Exigency, will most probably never be called for; but should unforeseen Accidents demand it, nothing but absolute Impotency from Age or Infirmary can excuse our Attendance. The Use of Arms is soon learned; and tho' we may not be expert Soldiers, if our Hearts are good, our Hands will be of Service.

To conclude, I hope there are but few of us, who are so simple to be sick of the Happiness they enjoy from Liberty, and are therefore desirous to part with it; or being desirous to retain it, base enough to decline its Defence, at any Risque whatsoever.

H. FIELDING, *The True Patriot* newspaper, December 10, 1745.

1707-54.

‘WHO WOULD BE FREE, THEMSELVES MUST  
STRIKE THE BLOW’

Why did we give our hearts to the present cause of Spain with a fervour and elevation unknown to us in the commencement of the late Austrian or Prussian resistance to France? Because we attributed to the former an heroic temperament which

would render their transfer to such domination an evil to human nature itself, and an affrightening perplexity in the dispensations of Providence. But if in oblivion of the prophetic wisdom of their own first leaders in the cause, they are surprised beyond the power of rallying, utterly cast down and manacled by fearful thoughts from the first thunder-storm of defeat in the field, wherein do they differ from the Prussians and Austrians? Wherein are they a PEOPLE, and not a mere army or set of armies? If this be indeed so, what have we to mourn over but our own honourable impetuosity, in hoping where no just ground of hope existed? A nation, without the virtues necessary for the attainment of independence, have failed to attain it. This is all. For little has that man understood the majesty of true national freedom, who believes that a population, like that of Spain, in a country like that of Spain, may want the qualities needful to fight out their independence, and yet possess the excellencies which render men susceptible of true liberty.

W. WORDSWORTH, *The Convention  
of Cintra.* 1809.

1770-1850.

### INVASION THREATENED, 1804

*Then said Judas Maccabeus, it is better for us to die in battle than to behold the calamities of our people, and our sanctuary. Nevertheless, as the will of God in Heaven is, so let him do.* 1 Maccabees iii. 59.

In order to put on the spirit of Judas, we should know well that it will bear of no backsliding, no wavering, no computation: The resolution once

taken,<sup>1</sup> we must advance, or we perish ; we must not imagine that the danger will not come, and believe we are playing at magnanimity, and heroism ; the danger is pressing on against us with rapid strides ; in a little time every man may be reminded of his threats, and his covenant of war, and courage exacted at his hands ; the lintel post of every door may be smitten with blood, and the loud cries of the helpless, the sick, and the young, may pierce our hearts : Be not deceived, there is no wall of adamant, no triple flaming sword, to drive off those lawless assassins that have murdered and pillaged in every other land ; Heaven has made with us no covenant, that there should be joy, and peace here, and wailing, and lamentation in the world besides ; I would counsel you to put on a mind of patient suffering, and noble acting ; whatever energies there are in the human mind, you will want them all ; every man will be tried to the very springs of his heart, and those times are at hand which will show us all as we really are, with the genuine stamp, and value, be it much, or be it little, which nature has impressed upon each living soul.

SYDNEY SMITH, *Sermons*, 1809  
(‘ On Invasion ’, 1804).

1771-1845.

### HOW TO REPEL INVASION

RIDDANCE, mere riddance—safety, mere safety—are objects far too defined, too inert and passive in their own nature, to have ability either to rouse or to sustain. They win not the mind by any attraction of grandeur or sublime delight, either in

<sup>1</sup> This sermon was preached before a large body of volunteers in the metropolis in the summer of 1804, when the danger of invasion was considered to be imminent.

effort or in endurance: for the mind gains consciousness of its strength to undergo only by exercise among materials which admit the impression of its power,—which grow under it, which bend under it,—which resist,—which change under its influence,—which alter either through its might or in its presence, by it or before it. These, during times of tranquillity, are the objects with which, in the studious walks of sequestered life, Genius most loves to hold intercourse; by which it is reared and supported;—these are the qualities in action and in object, in image, in thought, and in feeling, from communion with which proceeds originally all that is creative in art and science, and all that is magnanimous in virtue.—Despair thinks of *safety*, and hath no purpose; fear thinks of safety; despondency looks the same way:—but these passions are far too selfish, and therefore too blind, to reach the thing at which they aim; even when there is in them sufficient dignity to have an aim.—All courage is a projection from ourselves; however short-lived, it is a motion of hope. But these thoughts bind too closely to something inward, —to the present and to the past,—that is, to the self which is or has been. Whereas the vigour of the human soul is from without and from futurity, —in breaking down limit, and losing and forgetting herself in the sensation and image of Country and of the human race; and, when she returns and is most restricted and confined, her dignity consists in the contemplation of a better and more exalted being, which, though proceeding from herself, she loves and is devoted to as to another.

W. WORDSWORTH, *The Convention  
of Cintra.* 1809.

## A DANGER TO AVERT A DANGER'

To what purpose have I recalled your view to the end of the last century? It has been done to show that the British nation was then a great people—to point how and by what means they came to be exalted above the vulgar level, and to take that lead which they assumed among mankind. To qualify us for that pre-eminence, we had then an high mind and a constancy unconquerable; we were then inspired with no flashy passions; but such as were durable as well as warm; such as corresponded to the great interests we had at stake. This force of character was inspired, as all such spirit must ever be, from above. Government gave the impulse. As well may we fancy that of itself the sea will swell, and that without winds the billows will insult the adverse shore, as that the gross mass of the people will be moved, and elevated, and continue by a steady and permanent direction to bear upon one point, without the influence of superior authority, or superior mind.

This impulse ought, in my opinion, to have been given in this war; and it ought to have been continued to it at every instant. It is made, if ever war was made, to touch all the great springs of action in the human breast. It ought not to have been a war of apology. The minister<sup>1</sup> had, in this conflict, wherewithal to glory in success; to be consoled in adversity; to hold high his principle in all fortunes. If it were not given him to support the falling edifice, he ought to bury himself under the ruins of the civilized world. All the art of Greece, and all the pride and power of eastern monarchs, never heaped upon their ashes so grand a monument.

<sup>1</sup> Pitt.

There were days when his great mind was up to the crisis of the world he is called to act in. His manly eloquence was equal to the elevated wisdom of such sentiments. But the little have triumphed over the great: an unnatural, (as it should seem) not an unusual victory. I am sure you cannot forget with how much uneasiness we heard, in conversation, the language of more than one gentleman at the opening of this contest, 'that he was willing to try the war for a year or two, and if it did not succeed, then to vote for peace'. As if war was a matter of experiment! As if you could take it up or lay it down as an idle frolic! As if the dire goddess that presides over it, with her murderous spear in her hand, and her gorgon at her breast, was a coquette to be flirted with! We ought with reverence to approach that tremendous divinity, that loves courage, but commands counsel. War never leaves where it found a nation. It is never to be entered into without a mature deliberation; not a deliberation lengthened out into a perplexing indecision, but a deliberation leading to a sure and fixed judgement. When so taken up, it is not to be abandoned without reason as valid, as fully, and as extensively considered. Peace may be made as unadvisedly as war. Nothing is so rash as fear; and the counsels of pusillanimity very rarely put off, whilst they are always sure to aggravate, the evils from which they would fly.

In that great war carried on against Louis XIV for near eighteen years, Government spared no pains to satisfy the nation that though they were to be animated by a desire of glory, glory was not their ultimate object; but that everything dear to them, in religion, in law, in liberty, everything which as freemen, as Englishmen, and as citizens of the great commonwealth of Christendom, they had at heart,

was then at stake. This was to know the true art of gaining the affections and confidence of an high-minded people; this was to understand human nature. A danger to avert a danger—a present inconvenience and suffering to prevent a foreseen future, and a worse calamity—these are the motives that belong to an animal who, in his constitution, is at once adventurous and provident; circumspect and daring; whom his Creator has made, as the poet says, ‘of large discourse, looking before and after.’ But never can a vehement and sustained spirit of fortitude be kindled in a people by a war of calculation. It has nothing that can keep the mind erect under the gusts of adversity. Even where men are willing, as sometimes they are, to barter their blood for lucre, to hazard their safety for the gratification of their avarice, the passion which animates them to that sort of conflict, like all the shortsighted passions, must see its objects distinct and near at hand. The passions of the lower order are hungry and impatient. Speculative plunder; contingent spoil; future, long adjourned, uncertain booty; pillage which must enrich a late posterity, and which possibly may not reach to posterity at all; these, for any length of time, will never support a mercenary war. The people are in the right. The calculation of profit in all such wars is false. On balancing the account of such wars, ten thousand hogsheads of sugar are purchased at ten thousand times their price. The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity; the rest is crime.

EDMUND BURKE, *Letters on  
a Regicide Peace.* 1796.



## INSTANT CONTRARIES

‘If my Neighbour fails,’ says the true Patriot, ‘more devolves upon me.’ Discord and even treason are not, in a country situated as Spain is, the pure evils which, upon a superficial view, they appear to be. Never are a people so lively admonished of the love they bear their country, and of the pride which they have in their common parent, as when they hear of some parricidal attempt of a false brother. For this cause chiefly, in times of national danger, are their fancies so busy in suspicion; which under such shape, though oftentimes producing dire and pitiable effects, is notwithstanding in its general character no other than that habit which has grown out of the instinct of self-preservation—elevated into a wakeful and affectionate apprehension for the whole, and ennobling its private and baser ways by the generous use to which they are converted. Nor ever has a good and loyal man such a swell of mind, such a clear insight into the constitution of virtue, and such a sublime sense of its power, as at the first tidings of some atrocious act of perfidy; when, having taken the alarm for human nature, a second thought recovers him; and his faith returns—gladsome from what has been revealed within himself, and awful from participation of the secrets in the profaner grove of humanity which that momentary blast laid open to his view.

W. WORDSWORTH, *The Convention  
of Cintra.* 1809.

## A NATION'S HONOUR

NATIONAL independence and liberty, and *that* honour by which these and other blessings are to be preserved, honour—which is no other than the most elevated and pure conception of justice which can be formed, these are more precious than life : else why have we already lost so many brave men in this struggle ?—Why not submit at once, and let the Tyrant mount upon his throne of universal dominion, while the world lies prostrate at his feet in indifference and apathy, which he will proclaim to it is peace and happiness ? But peace and happiness can exist only by knowledge and virtue ; slavery has no enduring connexion with tranquillity or security—she cannot frame a league with anything which is desirable—she has no charter even for her own ignoble ease and darling sloth. Yet to this abject condition, mankind, betrayed by an ill-judging tenderness, would surely be led ; and in the face of an inevitable contradiction ! For neither in this state of things would the shedding of blood be prevented, nor would warfare cease. The only difference would be, that, instead of wars like those which prevail at this moment, presenting a spectacle of such character that, upon one side at least, a superior Being might look down with favour and blessing, there would follow endless commotions and quarrels without the presence of justice anywhere,—in which the alternations of success would not excite a wish or regret ; in which a prayer could not be uttered for a decision either this way or that ;—wars from no impulse in either of the combatants, but rival instigations of demoniacal passion. If, therefore, by the faculty of reason we can prophesy concerning the shapes which the future may put

on,—if we are under any bond of duty to succeeding generations, there is high cause to guard against a specious sensibility, which may encourage the hoarding up of life for its own sake, seducing us from those considerations by which we might learn when it ought to be resigned. Moreover, disregarding future ages, and confining ourselves to the present state of mankind, it may be safely affirmed that he, who is the most watchful of the honour of his country, most determined to preserve her fair name at all hazards, will be found, in any view of things which looks beyond the passing hour, the best steward of the *lives* of his countrymen. For, by proving that she is of a firm temper, that she will only submit or yield to a point of her own fixing, and that all beyond is immutable resolution, he will save her from being wantonly attacked; and, if attacked, will awe the aggressor into a speedier abandonment of an unjust and hopeless attempt. Thus will he preserve not only that which gives life its value, but life itself; and not for his own country merely, but for that of his enemies, to whom he will have offered an example of magnanimity, which will ensure to them like benefits; an example, the re-action of which will be felt by his own countrymen, and will prevent them from becoming assailants unjustly or rashly. Nations will thus be taught to respect each other, and mutually to abstain from injuries. And hence, by a benign ordinance of nature, genuine honour is the hand-maid of humanity; the attendant and sustainer—both of the sterner qualities which constitute the appropriate excellence of the male character, and of the gentle and tender virtues which belong more especially to motherliness and womanhood. These general laws, by which mankind is purified and exalted, and by

which Nations are preserved, suggest likewise the best rules for the preservation of individuals, armies, and for the accomplishment of all equitable service upon which they can be sent.

W. WORDSWORTH, *The Convention of Cintra.* 1809.

1770-1850.

### A DISHONOURABLE PEACE

A PEOPLE, whose government had been dissolved by foreign tyranny, and which had been left to work out its salvation by its own virtues, prayed for our help. And whence were we to learn how that help could be most effectually given, how they were even to be preserved from receiving injuries instead of benefits at our hands,—whence were we to learn this but from their language and from our own hearts? They had spoken of unrelenting and inhuman wrongs; of patience wearied out; of the agonizing yoke cast off; of the blessed service of freedom chosen; of heroic aspirations; of constancy, and fortitude, and perseverance; of resolution even to the death; of gladness in the embrace of death; of weeping over the graves of the slain, by those who had not been so happy as to die; of resignation under the worst final doom; of glory, and triumph, and punishment. This was the language which we heard—this was the devout hymn that was chaunted; and the responses, with which our country bore a part in the solemn service, were from her soul and from the depths of her soul.

O sorrow! O misery for England, the land of liberty and courage and peace; the land trustworthy and long approved; the home of lofty example and benign precept; the central orb to

which, as to a fountain, the nations of the earth 'ought to repair, and in their golden urns draw light';—O sorrow and shame for our country; for the grass which is upon her fields, and the dust which is in her graves;—for her good men who now look upon the day;—and her long train of deliverers and defenders, her Alfred, her Sidneys, and her Milton; whose voice yet speaketh for our reproach; and whose actions survive in memory to confound us, or to redeem!

. . . Our country placed herself by the side of Spain, and her fellow nation; she sent an honourable portion of her sons to aid a suffering people to subjugate or destroy an army—but I degrade the word—a banded multitude of perfidious oppressors, of robbers and assassins, who had outlawed themselves from society in the wantonness of power; who were abominable for their own crimes, and on account of the crimes of him whom they served—to subjugate or destroy these; not exacting that it should be done within a limited time; admitting even that they might effect their purpose or not; she could have borne either issue, she was prepared for either; but she was not prepared for such a deliverance as hath been accomplished; not a deliverance of Portugal from French oppression, but of the oppressor from the anger and power (at least from the animating efforts) of the Peninsula: she was not prepared to stand between her allies, and their worthiest hopes: that, when chastisement could not be inflicted, honour—as much as bad men could receive—should be conferred: that them, whom her own hands had humbled, the same hands and no other should exalt: that finally the sovereign of this horde of devastators, himself the destroyer of the hopes of good men, should have to say,

through the mouth of his minister, and for the hearing of all Europe, that his army of Portugal had 'DICTATED THE TERMS OF ITS GLORIOUS RETREAT'.

W. WORDSWORTH, *The Convention of Cintra*. 1809.

1770-1850.

## VOLUNTARY TAXATION THE TEST OF PATRIOTISM

### I

Cowper's self-satire

I WOULD follow your advice, and endeavour to furnish Lord North with a scheme of supplies for the ensuing year, if the difficulty I find in answering the call of my own emergencies did not make me despair of satisfying those of the nation. I can say but this ; if I had ten acres of land in the world, whereas I have not one, and in those ten acres should discover a gold mine, richer than all Mexico and Peru, when I had reserved a few ounces for my own annual supply, I would willingly give the rest to government. My ambition would be more gratified by annihilating the national incumbrances, than by going daily down to the bottom of a mine, to wallow in my own emolument. This is patriotism, you will allow ; but, alas, this virtue is for the most part in the hands of those who can do no good with it ! He that has but a single handful of it, catches so greedily at the first opportunity of growing rich, that his patriotism drops to the ground, and he grasps the gold instead of it. He that never meets with such an opportunity, holds it fast in his clenched fists, and says,—‘ Oh, how much good I would do, if I could ! ’

WILLIAM COWPER, *Letters* (To Rev. W.

Unwin, December 2, 1779).

1731-1800.

## II

‘ These times strike monied worldlings with dismay ’

(American Civil War)

HAVE we degenerated from our English fathers, so that we cannot do and bear for our national salvation what they have done and borne over and over again for their form of government? Could England, in her wars with Napoleon, bear an income-tax of ten per cent., and must we faint under the burden of an income-tax of three per cent.? Was she content to negotiate a loan at fifty-three for the hundred, and that paid in depreciated paper, and can we talk about financial ruin with our national stocks ranging from one to eight or nine above par, and the ‘ five-twenty ’ war loan eagerly taken by our own people to the amount of nearly two hundred millions, without any check to the flow of the current pressing inwards against the doors of the Treasury? Except in those portions of the country which are the immediate seat of war, or liable to be made so, and which, having the greatest interest not to become the border states of hostile nations, can best afford to suffer now, the state of prosperity and comfort is such as to astonish those who visit us from other countries. What are war taxes to a nation which, as we are assured on good authority, has more men worth a million now than it had worth ten thousand dollars at the close of the Revolution, whose whole property is a hundred times, and whose commerce, inland and foreign, is five hundred times what it was then? But we need not study Mr. Stillé’s pamphlet and *Thompson’s Bank-Note Reporter* to show us what we know well enough—that, so far from having occasion to

tremble in fear of our impending ruin, we must rather blush for our material prosperity. For the multitudes who are unfortunate enough to be taxed for a million or more, of course we must feel deeply, at the same time suggesting that the more largely they report their incomes to the tax-gatherer, the more consolation they will find in the feeling that they have served their country. But—let us say it plainly—it will not hurt our people to be taught that there are other things to be cared for besides money-making and money-spending; that the time has come when manhood must assert itself by brave deeds and noble thoughts; when womanhood must assume its most sacred office, ‘to warn, to comfort’, and, if need be, ‘to command’, those whose services their country calls for. This Northern section of the land has become a great variety shop, of which the Atlantic cities are the long-extended counter. We have grown rich for what? To put gilt bands on coachmen’s hats? To sweep the foul sidewalks with the heaviest silks that the toiling artisans of France can send us? To look through plate-glass windows, and pity the brown soldiers,—or sneer at the black ones? to reduce the speed of trotting horses a second or two below its old minimum? to colour meerschaums? to flaunt in laces, and sparkle in diamonds? to dredge our maidens’ hair with gold-dust? to float through life, the passive shuttlecocks of fashion, from the avenues to the beaches, and back again from the beaches to the avenues? . . . All this is what we see around us, now,—now while we are actually fighting this great battle, and supporting this great load of indebtedness. Wait till the diamonds go back to the Jews of Amsterdam; till the plate-glass window bears the fatal announcement,



*For Sale or to Let*; till the voice of our Miriam is obeyed, as she sings,

Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms !

till the gold-dust is combed from the golden locks, and hoarded to buy bread ; till the fast-driving youth smokes his clay-pipe on the platform of the horse-car ; till the music-grinders cease because none will pay them ; till there are no peaches in the windows at twenty-four dollars a dozen, and no heaps of bananas and pine-apples selling at the street-corners ; till the ten-flounced dress has but three flounces, and it is felony to drink champagne ; wait till these changes show themselves, the signs of deeper wants, the preludes of exhaustion and bankruptcy ; then let us talk of the Maelstrom :—but till then, let us not be cowards with our purses, while brave men are emptying their hearts upon the earth for us ; let us not whine over our imaginary ruin, while the reversed current of circling events is carrying us farther and farther, every hour, beyond the influence of the great failing which was born of our wealth, and of the deadly sin which was our fatal inheritance !

O. W. HOLMES, *Oration delivered before the City Authorities, Boston, July 4, 1863.*

1809-94.

### ENGLAND'S DEAD

I BELIEVE war is at present productive of good more than of evil. I will not argue this hardly and coldly, as I might, by tracing in past history some of the abundant evidence that nations have always reached their highest virtue, and wrought their most accomplished works, in times of straitening and battle ; as, on the other hand, no nation ever yet enjoyed a

protracted and triumphant peace without receiving in its own bosom ineradicable seeds of future decline. I will not so argue this matter; but I will appeal at once to the testimony of those whom the war has cost the dearest. I know what would be told me, by those who have suffered nothing; whose domestic happiness has been unbroken; whose daily comfort undisturbed; whose experience of calamity consists, at its utmost, in the incertitude of a speculation, the dearness of a luxury, or the increase of demands upon their fortune which they could meet fourfold without inconvenience. From these, I can well believe, be they prudent economists, or careless pleasure-seekers, the cry for peace will arise alike vociferously, whether in street or senate. But I ask *their* witness, to whom the war has changed the aspect of the earth, and imagery of heaven, whose hopes it has cut off like a spider's web whose treasure it has placed, in a moment, under the seals of clay. Those who can never more see sunrise, nor watch the climbing light gild the Eastern clouds without thinking what graves it has gilded, first, far down behind the dark earth-line,—who never more shall see the crocus bloom in spring, without thinking what dust it is that feeds the wild flowers of Balaclava. Ask *their* witness, and see if they will not reply that it is well with them, and with theirs; that they would have it no otherwise; would not, if they might, receive back their gifts of love and life, nor take again the purple of their blood out of the cross on the breastplate of England. Ask them: and though they should answer only with a sob, listen if it does not gather upon their lips into the sound of the old Seyton war-cry—'Set on'.

And this not for pride—not because the names of their lost ones will be recorded to all time, as of those

who held the breach and kept the gate of Europe against the North, as the Spartans did against the East ; and lay down in the place they had to guard, with the like home-message, ' O stranger, go and tell the English that we are lying here, having obeyed their words ; '—not for this, but because, also, they have felt that the spirit which has discerned them for eminence in sorrow—the helmed and sworded skeleton that rakes with its white fingers the sands of the Black Sea beach into grave-heap after grave-heap, washed by everlasting surf of tears—has been to them an angel of other things than agony : that they have learned, with those hollow, undeceivable eyes of his, to see all the earth by the sunlight of death-beds ;—no inch-high stage for foolish griefs and feigned pleasures ; no dream, neither, as its dull moralists told them :—*Anything* but that : a place of true, marvellous, inextricable sorrow and power ; a question-chamber of trial by rack and fire, irrevocable decision recording continually ; and no sleep, nor folding of hands, among the demon-questioners ; none among the angel-watchers, none among the men who stand or fall besides those hosts of God. They know now the strength of sacrifice, and that its flames can illumine as well as consume ; they are bound by new fidelities to all that they have saved,—by new love to all for whom they have suffered ; every affection which seemed to sink with those dim life-stains into the dust, has been delegated, by those who need it no more, to the cause for which they have expired ; and every mouldering arm, which will never more embrace the beloved ones, has bequeathed to them its strength and its faithfulness.

J. RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*,  
vol. iii, 1856.

## PATRIOTISM AND THE SOIL

### AMOR PATRIAE

THERE is a necessity all men should love their country : he that professeth the contrary, may be delighted with his words, but his heart is there.

BEN JONSON, *Discoveries*. 1641.

1578 ?-1637.

### THE SPIRIT OF PLACE

WE were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws from us the power of our senses ; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, *A Journey to  
the Western Islands*. 1775.

1700-84.

### TOPOGRAPHY AND PATRIOTISM

WHATEVER strengthens our local attachments is favourable both to individual and national character.

Our home, our birthplace, our native land—think for awhile what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words, and if thou hast any intellectual eyes thou wilt then perceive the connexion between topography and patriotism.

Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice ! You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root. The laws recognize this truth in the privileges which they confer upon freeholders ; and public opinion acknowledges it also, in the confidence which it reposes upon those who have what is called a stake in the country. Vagabond and rogue are convertible terms ; and with how much propriety any one may understand who knows what are the habits of the wandering classes, such as gipsies, tinkers, and potters.

R. SOUTHEY, *The Doctor*. 1834.

1774–1843.

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT IN ITALY

NOT a difficulty but can transfigure itself into a triumph ; not even a deformity but, if our own soul have imprinted worth on it, will grow dear to us. The sunny plains and deep indigo transparent skies of Italy are all indifferent to the great sick heart of a Sir Walter Scott : on the back of the Apennines, in wild spring weather, the sight of bleak Scotch firs, and snow-spotted heath and desolation, brings tears into his eyes.

T. CARLYLE, *Past and Present*. 1843.

1795–1881.

## THAT INEFFABLE SENTIMENT

THERE have been many painful crises since the impatient vanity of South Carolina hurried ten prosperous Commonwealths into a crime whose assured retribution was to leave them either at the mercy of the nation they had wronged, or of the anarchy they had summoned but could not control, when no thoughtful American opened his morning paper without dreading to find that he had no longer a country to love and honour. Whatever the result of the convulsion whose first shocks were beginning to be felt, there would still be enough square miles of earth for elbow-room ; but that ineffable sentiment made up of memory and hope, of instinct and tradition, which swells every man's heart and shapes his thought, though perhaps never present to his consciousness, would be gone from it, leaving it common earth and nothing more. Men might gather rich crops from it, but that ideal harvest of priceless associations would be reaped no longer ; that fine virtue which sent up messages of courage and security from every sod of it would have evaporated beyond recall. We should be irrevocably cut off from our past, and be forced to splice the ragged ends of our lives upon whatever new conditions chance might twist for us.

We confess that we had our doubts at first whether the patriotism of our people were not too narrowly provincial to embrace the proportions of national peril. We had an only too natural distrust of immense public meetings and enthusiastic cheers.

J. R. LOWELL, *Abraham Lincoln*. 1864.

THE REV. HOMER WILBUR DEFENDS MR. HOSEA  
BIGLOW AGAINST THE ACCUSATION OF BEING  
UNPATRIOTIC

THE productions of Mr. B. have been stigmätized in some quarters as unpatriotic ; but I can vouch that he loves his native soil with that hearty, though discriminating, attachment which springs from an intimate social intercourse of many years' standing. In the ploughing season, no one has a deeper share in the well-being of the country than he. If Dean Swift were right in saying that he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before confers a greater benefit on the state than he who taketh a city, Mr. B. might exhibit a fairer claim to the Presidency than General Scott himself. I think that some of those disinterested lovers of the hard-handed democracy, whose fingers have never touched anything rougher than the dollars of our common country, would hesitate to compare palms with him. It would do your heart good, respected Sir, to see that young man mow. He cuts a cleaner and wider swath than any in this town.

J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers*. 1848.

1819-91.

## ‘LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MĒN’

### ECCLESIASTICUS XLIV

LET us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies :

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions :

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing :

Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations :

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.

And some there be, which have no memorial who are perished, as though they had never been and are become as though they had never been born and their children after them.

But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant.

Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.



## 80 ' LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN '

Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace ; but their name liveth for evermore.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will shew forth their praise.

*The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of  
Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus.*

### THE NATION'S HERO

*North.* Think on the feelings a nation of heroes entertain for their greatest Hero.

*Shepherd.* Far, far ayont their individual part in the cause or the success, but no ayont the dilatation o' spirit and power ilka ane o' them feels frae his ain union wi' the power and the will o' a' the conquerin myriads whom he heads ! He, their leader, sir, is the centre round which a' their passions revolve, like planets round the sun.

*Tickler.* Hollo, James !

*Shepherd.* Whattt ! Do you think, you coof, that their attachment is a' for himsel alane ? Na. In him, sir, a' their ain might and their ain majesty is bund up in ae veeisible cimage. He is your only true, and, at the same time, ideal representative o' his kintramen ; and at mention o' him, their hearts burn within them, and the licht o' patriotism illumines the land far and wide—and, in danger, is concentrated intil fire, that rins along the earth, devoorin a' that would resist it like a stubble, till the rear-guard o' the invaders is extinguished wi' a fizz in the sea. O heavens ! at sic a time hoo the pressure o' common humanity is thrown aff ! hoo its bands hae fallen awa ! The fears, the pains,

the sorrows, the anguish, that tak haud on weak natur, hae at ance ceased, when all are sustained and strengthened by ae consentin passion, fearsomer to faes than thunner growlin frae the sky it blackens—gladsomer to freens than the lauch o’ morn—

*Tickler.*

——‘ Seems another morn,  
Risen on mid-day ’.

*Shepherd.* Gude ! Milton.

*North.* Yes, James, that is our country—not where we have breathed alone ; not that land which we have loved, because it has shown to our opening eyes the brightness of heaven, and the gladness of earth ; but the land for which we have hoped and feared,—that is to say, for which our bosom has beat with the consenting hopes and fears of many million hearts ; that land, of which we have loved the mighty living and the mighty dead ; that land, the Roman and the Greek would have said, where the boy had sung in the pomp that led the sacrifice to the altars of the ancient deities of the soil.

*Shepherd.* And therefore, when a man, he would guard them frae profanation, and had he a thousan’ lives, would pour them a’ out for sake o’ what some micht ca’ superstition, but which you and me, and Southside, sittin there wi’ his great grey een, would fearna, in the face o’ heaven, to ca’ religion.

JOHN WILSON, *Noctes Ambrosianae*. 1835.

1785–1854.

## JOAN OF ARC

WHAT is to be thought of *her* ? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose

suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings ? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender ; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference in their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendour and a noon-day prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No ! for her voice was then silent ; no ! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl ! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man. Coronets for thee ! Oh no ! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall

awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee ! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life ; that was thy destiny ; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short ; and the sleep which is in the grave is long ! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death ; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints ;—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, that she heard for ever,

Great was the throne of France in those days, and great was he that sat upon it : but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her* ; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them* ; not she by them, but they by her, should rise

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from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*.

T. DE QUINCEY, *Joan of Arc*. 1847.

1785-1859.

#### CARDINAL WOLSEY

WOLSEY, with all his faults, his own special faults, and the faults which he shared with the men of his time, was the first great English minister, the first in that line of strong men, the creation of modern conditions of political life, to which in after times Sully and Richelieu and Colbert belonged in France, and the Cecils, Strafford, and the Pitts belonged in England. We see in him the beginnings of modern statesmanship. Genuine and boundless devotion to the greatness of his country and his king; ability as vast to conceive and to carry forward that greatness, and to keep up the never-ceasing and manifold struggle with those who were bent on overthrowing it; unswerving fidelity and loyalty to his master and his master's true interests; unresting industry; the power of a strong man to keep in view great general purposes, and to inspire vigour and watchfulness into a whole series of administrative arrangements; the loftiness of a high-aiming character shown in all personal enterprises and projects—this is what is seen throughout the service of the great minister. Pride there was, unscrupu-

lousness, imperious contempt for all obstacles to his will ; nothing stopped him from deceiving the deceivers, and from being faithless to the faithless ; it is easy to find in him traces of all the bad qualities of the selfish and corrupt intriguers with whom his daily business brought him into contact or correspondence. But he had, what they had not, beyond the thought of personal ambition, a distinct idea of a great public duty and obligation, which was, to promote by every means in his power the greatness and the safety of England, and with that the renown and glory of his king. When no one else in that age of fierce ambitions, both the loftiest and the meanest, believed in the capacity of England to be a great nation equal to the greatest ; and while his king, so brilliant at the outset of his career, so popular and so magnificent, was wasting his time in jousting and hunting, in dancing and gaming, —Wolsey did believe in that capacity for greatness, and took care that the task which he had undertaken to build it up and consolidate it should not suffer from the King’s dislike of business. For this he toiled and watched and plotted and counter-plotted against the most remorseless and most slippery foes. For himself, what he desired was to leave behind him the most splendid educational institutions which the world had seen. If ever statesman deserved well of his country in labour and purpose, if ever any man deserved to be called a great Englishman, it was Wolsey.

R. W. CHURCH, 1884. (*Occasional  
Papers.* 1897.)

1815-90.

THE SURRENDER OF THE *REVENGE*

ALL the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron: all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence. Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several Armadoes, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him; the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea: commanded the Master-gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great

a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, fifteen thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal : and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else ; but as they had like valiant resolute men repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their own lives for a few hours, or a few days. The Master-gunner readily condescended, and divers others ; but the Captain and the Master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them : alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same : and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And (that where Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of Her Majesty's, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves) they answered, that the ship had six foot of water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the Master of the *Revenge* (while the Captain wan unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the General Don Alonso Bassan. Who finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the Master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition :



yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grinvile; whom for his notable valour he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

SIR W. RALEGH.—*A Report of the Truth of the fight about the Isles of Açores, this last Summer; betwixt the Revenge, one of her Majesty's Ships, and an Armada of the king of Spain, 1591.*

1552 ?—1618.

#### SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

LAST night, at Strawberry Hill, I took up, to divert my thoughts, a volume of letters to Swift from Bolingbroke, Bathurst, and Gay; and what was there but lamentations on the ruin of England, in that era of its prosperity and peace, from wretches who thought their own want of power a proof that their country was undone! Oh, my father! twenty years of peace, and credit, and happiness, and liberty, were punishments to rascals who weighed everything in the scales of self! It was to the honour of Pope, that, though leagued with such a crew, and though an idolater of their archfiend Bolingbroke and in awe of the malignant Swift, he never gave in to their venomous railings; railings against a man who, in twenty years, never attempted a stretch of power, did nothing but the common business of administration, and by that temperance

and steady virtue, and unalterable good humour and superior wisdom, baffled all the efforts of faction, and annihilated the falsely boasted abilities of Bolingbroke, which now appear as moderate as his character was in every light detestable. But, alas ! that retrospect doubled my chagrin instead of diverting it. I soon forgot an impotent cabal of mock-Patriots ; but the scene they vainly sought to disturb rushed on my mind, and, like Hamlet on the sight of Yorick’s skull, I recollected the prosperity of Denmark when my father ruled, and compared it with the present moment ! I looked about for a Sir Robert Walpole ; but where is he to be found ?

HORACE WALPOLE, *Letters* (To Sir Horace Mann, January 13, 1780).

1717-97.

### KOSCIUSKO

*Poniatowski.* But come, let us cease to speculate on the English, and indeed on everything else than our own beloved Poland. You have reason to shake your head, and to hold your hand over your eyes : you have reason to complain of ingratitude : but it is rather on the side of fortune than of princes, who, in good truth, owe you little.

*Kosciusko.* We hear many complaints of princes and of fortune : but believe me, Poniatowski, there never was a good or generous action that met with much ingratitude.

*Poniatowski.* Not Sobieski from Austria ?

*Kosciusko.* Sobieski had his reward : God, who alone was great enough, bestowed it.

*Poniatowski.* But then his kingdom ? What befell that ? and from whom ? Condescending, as you have often been, to the meanest peasant for the

slightest service, grateful as I have seen you to an undistinguished soldier for moistening your horse's bit after a battle, do you thus speak of the ungrateful? You to whom no statues are erected, no hymns are sung in public processions; you, who have no country! And you smile upon such injuries and such losses!

*Kosciusko.* My friend! I have lost nothing: I have received no injury: I am in the midst of our country day and night. Absence is not of matter: the body does not make it: absence quickens our love and elevates our affections: absence is the invisible and incorporeal mother of ideal beauty. Were I in Poland, how many things are there which would disturb and perhaps exasperate me! Here I can think of her as of some departed soul, not yet indeed clothed in light nor exempted from sorrowfulness, but divested of passion, removed from tumult, and inviting to contemplation. She is the dearer to me, because she reminds me that I have performed my duty toward her. Permit me to go on. I said that a good or generous action never met with much ingratitude. I do not deny that ingratitude may be very general: but even if we experience it from all quarters, there is yet no evidence of its weight or its intensity. We bear upon our heads an immense column of air, but the nature of things has rendered us insensible of it altogether: have we not likewise a strength and a support against what is equally external, the breath of worthless men? Very far is that from being much or great, which a single movement of self-esteem tosses up and scatters. Slaves make out of barbarians a king or emperor; the clumsiest hand can fashion such misshapen images; but the high and discerning spirit spreads out its wings from

precipices, raises itself up slowly by great efforts, acquires ease, velocity, and might, by elevation, and suns itself in the smiles of its Creator.

W. S. LANDOR, *Imaginary  
Conversations.* 1824.

1775-1864.

### THE MOURNING FOR NELSON

THE death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity ; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us ; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end : the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed : new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him : the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all that they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour ; whom every tongue would have blessed ; whose presence in every village through

which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and 'old men from the chimney corner' to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example, which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act

after them ; verifying, in this sense, the language of the old mythologist :

Τοὶ μὲν δαίμονες εἰσι, Διὸς μεγάλου διὰ βουλάς,  
ἔσθλοί, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φύλακες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.

R. SOUTHEY, *Life of Nelson*. 1813.

1774–1843.

### SIR JOHN MOORE

THUS ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, were adorned by a subtle playful wit, which gave him in conversation an ascendancy he always preserved by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him. For while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and with characteristic propriety they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession. He knew himself worthy to lead a British army, and hailed the fortune which placed him at the head of the troops

destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confident in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance. Opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude; no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveller!

SIR W. F. P. NAPIER, *History of the War in the Peninsula*, vol. i, 1851.

1785-1860.

## ENGLISH NATIONAL PRIDE

The thing that makes me patriot most,  
Too country-proud to care to boast—

HENRY PATMORE

### THE LOVE OF ENGLAND

LOVE of country is general to mankind, yet is not the love of country a general thing to be described by a general title. Love changes with the object of love. The country loved determines the nature of its services.

The love of England has in it the love of landscape, as has the love of no other country ; it has in it as has the love of no other country, the love of friends. Less than the love of other countries has it in it the love of what may be fixed in a phrase or well set down in words. It lacks, alas, the love of some interminable past, nor does it draw its liveliness from any great succession of centuries. Say that ten centuries made a soil, and that in that soil four centuries more produced a tree, and that that tree was England, then you will know to what the love of England is in most men directed. For most men who love England know so little of her first thousand years that when they hear the echoes of them or see visions of them, they think they are dealing with a foreign thing. All Englishmen are clean cut off from their long past which ended when the last Mass was sung at Westminster.

The love of England has in it no true plains but fens, low hills, and distant mountains. No very



ancient towns, but comfortable, small and ordered ones, which love to dress themselves with age. The love of England concerns itself with trees. Accident has given to the lovers of England no long pageantry of battle. Nature has given Englishmen an appetite for battle, and between the two, men who love England make a legend for themselves of wars unfought, and of arms permanently successful ; though arms were they thus always successful would not be arms at all. . . .

If a man would understand the love of England he must do what hardly any one would dare to do : that is, he must clearly envisage England defeated in a final war and ask himself, ' What should I do then ? '

HILAIRE BELLOC, *This and That  
and the Other.* 1912.

1870—

### THE LADY OF THE SEA

WHEREAS I have purposed in all this treatise to confine myself within the bounds of this Isle of Britain, it cannot be impertinent, at the very enterance, to say somewhat of Britain, which is the only subject of all that is to be said, and well known to be the most flourishing and excellent, most renowned and famous Isle of the whole world : so rich in commodities, so beautiful in situation, so resplendent in all glory, that if the most Omnipotent had fashioned the world round like a ring, as he did like a globe, it might have been most worthily the only gem therein. For the air is most temperate and wholesome, sited in the midst of the temperate zone, subject to no storms and tempests as the more Southern and Northern arc ; but stored with infinite

delicate fowl. For water, it is walled and guarded with the ocean, most commodious for traffic to all parts of the world, and watered with pleasant fishful and navigable rivers, which yield safe havens and roads, and furnished with shipping and sailors, that it may rightly be termed the *Lady of the Sea*. That I may say nothing of healthful baths, and of meres stored both with fish and fowl, the earth fertile of all kind of grain, manured with good husbandry, rich in mineral of coals, tin, lead, copper, not without gold and silver, abundant in pasture, replenished with cattle both tame and wild (for it hath more parks than all Europe besides), plentifully wooded, provided with all complete provisions of war, beautified with many populous cities, fair boroughs, good towns, and well-built villages, strong munitions, magnificent palaces of the Prince, stately houses of the nobility, frequent hospitals, beautiful churches, fair colleges, as well in other places, as in the two Universities, which are comparable to all the rest in Christendom, not only in antiquity, but also in learning, buildings, and endowments. As for government, ecclesiastical and civil, which is the very soul of a kingdom, I need to say nothing, when as I write to home-born, and not to strangers.

W. CAMDEN, *Remaines concerning  
Britain*. 1605.

1551-1623.

#### LIGHT FROM THE WEST

It is not unjust to claim for these islands the honour of having first withstood the dominant ignorance, and even led the way in the restoration of knowledge. As early as the sixth century a little glimmer of light was perceptible in the Irish

monasteries ; and in the next, when France and Italy had sunk in deeper ignorance, they stood, not quite where national prejudice has sometimes placed them, but certainly in a very respectable position. That island both drew students from the continent, and sent forth men of comparative eminence into its schools and churches. I do not find, however, that they contributed much to the advance of secular, and especially of grammatical, learning. This is rather due to England, and to the happy influence of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, an Asiatic Greek by birth, sent hither by the Pope in 668, through whom and his companion Adrian, some knowledge of the Latin and even Greek languages was propagated in the Anglo-Saxon church. The Venerable Bede, as he was afterwards styled, early in the eighth century, surpasses every other name of our ancient literary annals ; and though little more than a diligent compiler from older writers, may perhaps be reckoned superior to any man whom the world (so low had the East sunk like the West) then possessed. A desire of knowledge grew up ; the school of York, somewhat later, became respectable, before any liberal education had been established in France, and from this came Alcuin, a man fully equal to Bede in ability though not in erudition. By his assistance, and that of one or two Italians, Charlemagne laid in his vast dominions the foundations of learning, according to the standard of that age, which dispelled, at least for a time, some part of the gross ignorance wherein his empire had been enveloped.

H. HALLAM, *Introduction to the  
Literature of Europe.* 1837-9.

## 'THE TONGUE THAT SHAKESPEARE SPOKE'

THE Italian is pleasant, but without sinews, as a still fleeting water; the French delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lips for fear of marring her countenance; the Spanish majestic, but fulsome, running too much on the O, and terrible like the devil in a play; the Dutch manlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready at every word to pick a quarrel. Now we in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian, the full sound of words to the French, the variety of terminations to the Spanish, and the mollifying of mere vowels to the Dutch; and so (like bees) gather the honey of their good properties, and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus when substantialness combineth with delightfulness, fullness with fineness, seemliness with portliness, and currentness with staidness, how can the language which consisteth of all these sound other than most full of sweetness?

Again, the long words that we borrow being intermingled with the short of our own store, make up a perfect harmony, by culling from out which mixture (with judgement) you may frame your speech according to the matter you must work on, majestic, pleasant, delicate, or manly more or less, in what sort you please. Add hereunto, that whatsoever grace any other language carrieth in verse or prose, in tropes or metaphors, in echoes and agnominations, they may all be lively and exactly represented in ours. Will you have Plato's vein? read Sir Thomas Smith: the Ionic? Sir Thomas More: Cicero's? Ascham: Varro? Chaucer: Demosthenes? Sir John Cheke (who in his treatise to the rebels, hath comprised all the figures of

rhetoric). Will you read Virgil? take the Earl of Surrey: Catullus? Shakespeare, and Marlow's fragment: Ovid? Daniel: Lucan? Spenser: Martial? Sir John Davies, and others. Will you have all in all for prose and verse? take the miracle of our age, Sir Philip Sidney.

R. CAREW, *The Excellency of the English Tongue* (In Camden's *Remaines concerning Britaine*, 1614).

1555-1620.

### SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLISHMEN

No completer incarnation could be shown us of the militant Englishman—*Anglais pur sang*; but it is not only, as some have seemed to think, with the highest, the purest, the noblest quality of English character that his just and far-seeing creator has endowed him. The godlike equity of Shakespeare's judgement, his implacable and impeccable righteousness of instinct and of insight was too deeply ingrained in the very core of his genius to be perverted by any provincial or pseudo-patriotic prepossessions; his patriotism was too national to be provincial. Assuredly no poet ever had more than he: not even the king of men and poets who fought at Marathon and sang of Salamis; much less had any or has any one of our own, from Milton on to Campbell and from Campbell even to Tennyson. In the mightiest chorus of *King-Henry V* we hear the pealing ring of the same great English trumpet that was yet to sound over the battle of the Baltic, and again in our later day over a sea-fight of Shakespeare's own, more splendid and heart-cheering in its calamity than that other and all others in their triumph; a war-song and a sea-song

divine and deep as death or as the sea, making thrice more glorious at once the glorious three names of England, of Grenville, and of Tennyson for ever. . . .

Shakespeare certainly was not 'too English' to see and cleave to the main fact, the radical and central truth, of personal or national character, of typical history or tradition, without seeking to embellish, to degrade, in either or in any way to falsify it. From king to king, from cardinal to cardinal, from the earliest in date of subject to the latest of his histories, we find the same thread running, the same link of honourable and righteous judgement, of equitable and careful equanimity, connecting and combining play with play in an unbroken and infrangible chain of evidence to the singleness of the poet's eye, the identity of the workman's hand, which could do justice and would do no more than justice, alike to Henry and to Wolsey, to Pandulph and to John. His typical English hero or historic protagonist is a man of their type who founded and built up the empire of England in India; a hero after the future pattern of Hastings and of Clive; not less daringly sagacious and not more delicately scrupulous, not less indomitable or more impeccable than they. A type by no means immaculate, a creature not at all too bright and good for English nature's daily food in times of mercantile or military enterprise; no whit more if no whit less excellent and radiant than reality. *Amica Britannia, sed magis amica veritas.* The master poet of England—all Englishmen may reasonably and honourably be proud of it—has not two weights and two measures for friend and foe.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Study of Shakespeare.* 1880.

1837-1909.

## SHAKESPEARE'S PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

FAR beyond the reach of any but his maker's hand is the pattern of a perfect English warrior, set once for all before the eyes of all ages in the figure of the noble Bastard. The national side of Shakespeare's genius, the heroic vein of patriotism that runs like a thread of living fire through the world-wide range of his omnipresent spirit, has never, to my thinking, found vent or expression to such glorious purpose as here. Not even in Hotspur or Prince Hal has he mixed with more godlike sleight of hand all the lighter and graver good qualities of the national character, or compounded of them all so lovable a nature as this. In those others we admire and enjoy the same bright fiery temper of soul, the same buoyant and fearless mastery of fate or fortune, the same gladness and glory of life made lovely with all the labour and laughter of its full fresh days; but no quality of theirs binds our hearts to them as they are bound to Philip—not by his loyal valour, his keen young wit, his kindliness, constancy, readiness of service as swift and sure in the day of his master's bitterest shame and shamefullest trouble as in the blithest hour of battle and that first good fight which won back his father's spoils from his father's slayer; but more than all these, for that lightning of divine rage and pity, and tenderness that speaks in thunder and indignation that makes fire of its tears, in the horror of great compassion which falls on him, the tempest and storm of a beautiful and godlike anger which shakes his strength of spirit and bows his high heart down at sight of Arthur dead. Being thus, as he is, the English masterwork of Shakespeare's

hand, we may well accept him as the best man known to us that England ever made; the hero that Nelson must have been had he never come too near Naples.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Study of Shakespeare*. 1880.

1837-1909.

### A PRAYER FOR ENGLAND

O THOU, that, after the impetuous rage of five bloody inundations, and the succeeding sword of intestine war, soaking the land in her own gore, didst pity the sad and ceaseless revolution of our swift and thick-coming sorrows; when we were quite breathless, of Thy free grace didst motion peace, and terms of covenant with us; and having first wellnigh freed us from antichristian thralldom, didst build up this Britannic Empire to a glorious and enviable heighth, with all her daughter-islands about her; stay us in this felicity, let not the obstinacy of our half-obedience and will-worship bring forth that viper of sedition, that for these fourscore years hath been breeding to eat through the entrails of our peace; but let her cast her abortive spawn without the danger of this travailing and throbbing kingdom: that we may still remember in our solemn thanksgivings, how for us the northern ocean even to the frozen Thule was scattered with the proud shipwracks of the Spanish Armado, and the very maw of Hell ransacked, and made to give up her concealed destruction, ere she could vent it in that horrible and damned blast.

O how much more glorious will those former deliverances appear, when we shall know them not only to have saved us from greatest miseries past,



but to have reserved us for greatest happiness to come. Hitherto Thou hast but freed us, and that not fully, from the unjust and tyrannous claim of Thy foes, now unite us entirely, and appropriate us to Thyself, tie us everlastingly in willing homage to the prerogative of Thy eternal throne . . .

Then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures to sing and celebrate Thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day, when Thou, the eternal and shortly-expected King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, and distributing national honours and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming Thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth; where they undoubtedly, that by their labours, counsels, and prayers, have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive, above the inferior orders of the blessed, the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones into their glorious titles, and in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in over-measure for ever.

J. MILTON, *Of Reformation touching Church-Discipline in England.* 1641.

## MILTON'S NATIONAL PRIDE

LORDS and Commons of England, consider what Nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors : a Nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and ablest iudgement have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras, and the Persian wisdom, took beginning from the old philosophy of this Island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Caesar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the laboured studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts. Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this Nation chosen before any other, that out of her, as out of Sion, should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe ? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our Prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wicklef, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther or of Calvin

had been ever known ; the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate Clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and the backwardest Scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers.

Now once again by all concurrence of signs and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself. What does he then but reveal Himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen ; I say, as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy ?

Behold now this vast city ; a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection ; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguered Truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation : others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a Nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge ? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a Nation of Prophets, of Sages, and of Worthies ?

J. MILTON, *Areopagitica*. 1644.

## A GARDEN ENCLOSED

WHOEVER considers England, will find it no small favour of God to have been made one of its natives, both upon spiritual and outward accounts. The happiness of the soil and air contribute all things that are necessary to the use or delight of man's life. The celebrated glory of this isle's inhabitants, ever since they received a mention in history, confers some honour upon every one of her children, and with it an obligation to continue in that magnanimity and virtue, which hath famed this island, and raised her head in glory, higher than the great kingdoms of the neighbouring continent. Britain hath been as a garden enclosed, wherein all things that man can wish, to make a pleasant life, are planted and grow in her own soil, and whatsoever foreign countries yield, to increase admiration and delight, are brought in by her fleets. The people, by the plenty of their country, not being forced to toil for bread, have ever addicted themselves to more generous employments, and been reckoned, almost in all ages, as valiant warriors as any part of the world sent forth : insomuch that the greatest Roman captains thought it not unworthy of their expeditions, and took great glory in triumphs for unperfect conquests. . . .

Better laws and a happier constitution of government no nation ever enjoyed, it being a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, with sufficient fences against the pest of every one of those forms, tyranny, faction, and confusion ; yet is it not possible for man to devise such just and excellent bounds, as will keep in wild ambition, when princes' flatterers encourage that beast to break his fence,

which it hath often done, with miserable consequences both to the prince and people : but could never in any age so tread down popular liberty, but that it rose again with renewed vigour, till at length it trod on those that trampled it before. And in the just bounds wherein our kings were so well hedged in, the surrounding princes have with terror seen the reproof of their usurpations over their free brethren, whom they rule rather as slaves than subjects, and are only served for fear, but not for love ; whereas this people hath ever been as affectionate to good as unpliant to bad sovereigns.

Nor is it only valour and generosity that renown this nation ; in arts we have advanced equal to our neighbours, and in those that are most excellent, exceeded them. The world hath not yielded men more famous in navigation, nor ships better built or furnished. Agriculture is as ingeniously practised : the English archery were the terror of Christendom, and their clothes the ornament : but these low things bounded not their great spirits, in all ages it hath yielded men as famous in all kinds of learning, as Greece or Italy can boast of.

And to complete the crown of all their glory, reflected from the lustre of their ingenuity, valour, wit, learning, justice, wealth, and bounty, their piety and devotion to God, and his worship, hath made them one of the most truly noble nations in the Christian world. God having as it were enclosed a people here, out of the waste common of the world, to serve him with a pure and undefiled worship. Lucius the British king was one of the first monarchs of the earth that received the faith of Christ into his heart and kingdom : Henry the eighth, the first prince that broke the antichristian yoke off

from his own and his subjects' necks. Here it was that the first Christian emperor received his crown : Here began the early dawn of gospel light, by Wickliffe and other faithful witnesses, whom God raised up after the black and horrid midnight of antichristianism, and a more plentiful harvest of devout confessors, constant martyrs, and holy worshippers of God, hath not grown in any field of the church, throughout all ages, than those whom God hath here glorified his name and gospel by. Yet hath not this wheat been without its tares, God in comparison with other countries hath made this as a paradise, so, to complete the parallel, the serpent hath in all times been busy to seduce, and not unsuccessful, ever stirring up opposers to the infant truths of Christ.

LUCY HUTCHINSON, *The Life of Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, written by herself.* (First published, 1806.)

b. 1620.

#### AN ASSIZE SERMON

THE most obvious and important use of this perfect justice is, that it makes nations safe : under common circumstances, the institutions of justice seem to have little or no bearing upon the safety and security of a country, but in periods of real danger, when a nation surrounded by foreign enemies contends, not for the boundaries of empire, but for the very being and existence of empire ; then it is that the advantage of just institutions is discovered. Every man feels that he has a country, that he has something worth preserving, and worth contending for. Instances are remembered where the weak prevailed over the strong : one man recalls to mind when a just and upright judge protected him

from unlawful violence, gave him back his vineyard, rebuked his oppressor, restored him to his rights, published, condemned, and rectified the wrong. This is what is called country. Equal rights to unequal possessions, equal justice to the rich and poor : this is what men come out to fight for, and to defend. Such a country has no legal injuries to remember, no legal murders to revenge, no legal robbery to redress ; it is strong in its justice ; it is then that the use and object of all this assemblage of gentlemen and arrangement of juries, and the deserved veneration in which we hold the character of English judges, is understood in all its bearings, and in its fullest effects ; men die for such things—they cannot be subdued by foreign force where such just practices prevail. The sword of ambition is shivered to pieces against such a bulwark. Nations fall where judges are unjust, because there is nothing which the multitude think worth defending ; but nations do not fall which are treated as we are treated, but they rise as we have risen, and they shine as we have shone, and die as we have died, too much used to justice, and too much used to freedom, to care for that life which is not just and free. I call you all to witness if there be any exaggerated picture in this ; the sword is just sheathed, the flag is just furled, the last sound of the trumpet has just died away. You all remember what a spectacle this country exhibited ; one heart, one voice—one weapon, one purpose. And why ? Because this country is a country of the law ; because the judge is a judge for the peasant as well as for the palace ; because every man's happiness is guarded by fixed rules from tyranny and caprice. This town, this week, the business of the next few days, would explain to any enlightened European why other

nations *did* fall in the storms of the world, and why we did *not* fall. The Christian patience you may witness, the impartiality of the judgement-seat, the disrespect of persons, the disregard of consequences. These attributes of justice do not end with arranging your conflicting rights, and mine ; they give strength to the English people, duration to the English name ; they turn the animal courage of this people into moral and religious courage, and present to the lowest of mankind plain reasons and strong motives why they should resist aggression from without, and bind themselves a living rampart round the land of their birth.

SYDNEY SMITH, *The Judge that smites  
contrary to the Law.* 1824.

1771-1845.

### KNOW YOUR OWN COUNTRY

ON I went in my journey, traversing England from west to east—ascending and descending hills—crossing rivers by bridge and ferry—and passing over extensive plains. What a beautiful country is England ! People run abroad to see beautiful countries, and leave their own behind unknown, unnoticed—their own the most beautiful ! And then, again, what a country for adventures ! especially to those who travel it on foot, or on horseback. People run abroad in quest of adventures, and traverse Spain and Portugal on mule or on horseback ; whereas there are ten times more adventures to be met with in England than in Spain, Portugal, or stupid Germany to boot. Witness the number of adventures narrated in the present book—a book entirely devoted to England. Why, there is not



a chapter in the present book which is not full of adventures, with the exception of the present one, and this is not yet terminated.

G. BORROW, *The Romany Rye*. 1857.  
1803-81.

#### ON BEING JUDGED BY ONE'S COUNTRYMEN

I HAVE never doubted, that in my hour, in God's hour, my avenger will appear, and the world will acquit me of untruthfulness, even though it be not while I live.

Still more confident am I of such eventual acquittal, seeing that my judges are my own countrymen. I think, indeed, Englishmen the most suspicious and touchy of mankind; I think them unreasonable, and unjust in their seasons of excitement; but I had rather be an Englishman, (as in fact I am,) than belong to any other race under heaven. They are as generous, as they are hasty and burly; and their repentance for their injustice is greater than their sin.

J. H. NEWMAN, *Apologia pro  
vita sua*. 1864.  
1801-90.

#### AN ENGLISHMAN AND A CATHOLIC

IN many instances in which theologian differs from theologian, and country from country, I have a definite judgement of my own; I can say so without offence to any one, for the very reason that from the nature of the case it is impossible to agree with all of them. I prefer English habits of belief

and devotion to foreign, from the same causes, and by the same right, which justifies foreigners in preferring their own. In following those of my people, I show less singularity, and create less disturbance than if I made a flourish with what is novel and exotic.

J. H. NEWMAN, *A Letter to*  
*Rev. E. B. Pusey.* 1866.

1801-90.

‘TWO VOICES ARE THERE; ONE IS OF THE SEA’

THERE is one story of the wars of Rome which I have always very much envied for England. Germanicus was going down at the head of the legions into a dangerous river—on the opposite bank the woods were full of Germans—when there flew out seven great eagles which seemed to marshal the Romans on their way; they did not pause or waver, but disappeared into the forest where the enemy lay concealed. ‘Forward!’ cried Germanicus, with a fine rhetorical inspiration, ‘Forward! and follow the Roman birds.’ It would be a very heavy spirit that did not give a leap at such a signal, and a very timorous one that continued to have any doubt of success. To appropriate the eagles as fellow-countrymen was to make imaginary allies of the forces of nature; the Roman Empire and its military fortunes, and along with these the prospects of those individual Roman legionaries now fording a river in Germany, looked altogether greater and more hopeful. It is a kind of illusion easy to produce. A particular shape of cloud, the appearance of a particular star, the holiday of some particular saint, anything in

short to remind the combatants of patriotic legends or old successes, may be enough to change the issue of a pitched battle ; for it gives to the one party a feeling that Right and the larger interests are with them.

If an Englishman wishes to have such a feeling, it must be about the sea. The lion is nothing to us ; he has not been taken to the hearts of the people, and naturalized as an English emblem. We know right well that a lion would fall foul of us as grimly as he would of a Frenchman or a Moldavian Jew, and we do not carry him before us in the smoke of battle. But the sea is our approach and bulwark ; it has been the scene of our greatest triumphs and dangers ; and we are accustomed in lyrical strains to claim it as our own. The prostrating experiences of foreigners between Calais and Dover have always an agreeable side to English prepossessions. A man from Bedfordshire, who does not know one end of the ship from the other until she begins to move, swaggers among such persons with a sense of hereditary nautical experience. To suppose yourself endowed with natural parts for the sea because you are the countryman of Blake and mighty Nelson, is perhaps just as unwarrantable as to imagine Scotch extraction a sufficient guarantee that you will look well in a kilt. But the feeling is there, and seated beyond the reach of argument. We should consider ourselves unworthy of our descent if we did not share the arrogance of our progenitors, and please ourselves with the pretension that the sea is English. Even where it is looked upon by the guns and battlements of another nation we regard it as a kind of English cemetery, where the bones of our seafaring fathers take their

rest until the last trumpet ; for I suppose no other nation has lost as many ships, or sent as many brave fellows to the bottom.

R. L. STEVENSON, *Virginibus Puerisque*.

1881 ('The English Admirals').

1850-94.

‘HEARTS OF OAK ARE OUR MEN’

THERE is nowhere such a background for heroism as the noble, terrifying, and picturesque conditions of some of our sea fights. Hawke's battle in the tempest, and Aboukir at the moment when the French Admiral blew up, reach the limit of what is imposing to the imagination. And our naval annals owe some of their interest to the fantastic and beautiful appearance of old warships and the romance that invests the sea and everything sea-going in the eyes of English lads on a half-holiday at the coast. Nay, and what we know of the misery between decks enhances the bravery of what was done by giving it something for contrast. We like to know that these bold and honest fellows contrived to live, and to keep bold and honest, among absurd and vile surroundings. No reader can forget the description of the *Thunder* in *Roderick Random* : the disorderly tyranny ; the cruelty and dirt of officers and men ; deck after deck, each with some new object of offence ; the hospital, where the hammocks were huddled together with but fourteen inches space for each ; the cockpit, far under water, where, ‘in an intolerable stench,’ the spectacled steward kept the accounts of the different messes ; and the canvas enclosure, six feet square, in which Morgan made flip and salmagundi,

smoked his pipe, sang his Welsh songs, and swore his queer Welsh imprecations. There are portions of this business on board the *Thunder* over which the reader passes lightly and hurriedly, like a traveller in a malarious country. It is easy enough to understand the opinion of Dr. Johnson: 'Why, sir,' he said, 'no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail.' You would fancy any one's spirit would die out under such an accumulation of darkness, noisomeness, and injustice, above all when he had not come there of his own free will, but under the cutlasses and bludgeons of the press-gang. But perhaps a watch on deck in the sharp sea air put a man on his mettle again; a battle must have been a capital relief; and prize-money, bloodily earned and grossly squandered, opened the doors of the prison for a twinkling. Somehow or other, at least, this worst of possible lives could not overlie the spirit and gaiety of our sailors; they did their duty as though they had some interest in the fortune of that country which so cruelly oppressed them, they served their guns merrily when it came to fighting, and they had the readiest ear for a bold, honourable sentiment, of any class of men the world ever produced.

R. L. STEVENSON, *Virginibus Puerisque*.  
1881 ('The English Admirals').

1850-94.

## IMAGINATIVE PATRIOTISM

‘Put yourself in their place.’

### TO THOSE ABOUT TO GO ABROAD

(From a lecture delivered at the Working Men's College, October 1860, at the request of some students of the College who were about to make an excursion into Normandy.)

*From Reminiscences of this lecture by Mr.  
J. P. Emslie.*

EACH one of you will take what he pleases in his knapsack ; but there 's one thing which I hope that every one of you will put into his knapsack, and that is, plenty of Patriotism. I wish you to understand me in this matter : by patriotism I mean, not only that you should love your country, as you ought to do that ; but you should also love other people's country. So many people go abroad only for the purpose of vaunting England to the disparagement of other nations, and they cause a great deal of ill-feeling in consequence. This ought not to be. You ought to love your country, just as you love your father and mother ; but you must remember that other people love their country, and their father and mother ; and to be always praising your country and speaking ill of other countries is as if you were to say, ‘ Oh ! my father and mother are very good people, but your father and mother are very bad people.’

J. RUSKIN, *Working Men's College  
Journal*, June 1908.

1819-1900.

## A MODESTY POSSIBLE FOR NATIONS

UNFORTUNATE is the bigoted sympathy with some exclusive type of intellectual culture, which corrupts its admirations with partisanship, and turns its incapacities into censoriousness ; forgetting that human wants and human products are various as the climates of this world, and that souls are of every latitude, from tropic forests to the arctic moss ; and that if all were reduced, by the useful shears, to the formal hedgerows of common sense, we might have a mental world of trim roads and economic fields, but with no depth of glades, no flowing lines upon the landscape, no softening for the colour and glory of the sky. It is the same with nations. The patriot becomes the egotist, as soon as he shuts his heart against the genius of other lands, and establishes a propagandism for the peculiarities of his own. If they be really good and valid for the world, their silent presence, like the natural influence of wise and high-souled men, will better tell for their diffusion than the noisy pomp of self-esteem. . . . There is a modesty possible for nations as for individuals ; a moral and political tact, essentially one with nobleness and goodness, by which they feel, without exaggeration and without meanness, their proper place in the system of human things ; firm to hold the good they have, and free from boasting where they have it yet to seek ; quick to recognize the excellence foreign to the home soil, yet scorning the blind pedantry of alien admiration spoiled for the wholesome domestic love.

J. MARTINEAU, *National Duties, and  
other Sermons and Addresses*, 1903.

1805-1900.

‘ IF I WERE AN AMERICAN, AS I AM AN  
ENGLISHMAN ’

THE desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known : no man thinks more highly of them than I do : I love and honour the English troops : I know their virtues and their valour : I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities ; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it, you *cannot* conquer America. Your armies last war effected everything that could be effected ; and what was it ? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general,<sup>1</sup> now a noble lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, you *cannot* conquer America. What is your present situation there ? We do not know the worst ; but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps total loss, of the Northern force ; the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines ; he was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and, with great delay and danger, to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly ; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow ; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, that sells and

<sup>1</sup> Amherst.



sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince ; your efforts are for ever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely ; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies—to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder ; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty ! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never !

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, *Speech  
on the Employment of Indian troops  
in the American War, 1777.*

1708-78.

## SCOTTISH PATRIOTISM

### THE INFLUENCE OF BURNS

SEARCH Scotland over, from the Pentland to the Solway, and there is not a cottage-hut so poor and wretched as to be without its Bible ; and hardly one that, on the same shelf, and next to it, does not possess a Burns. Have the people degenerated since their adoption of this new manual ? Has their attachment to the Book of Books declined ? Are their hearts less firmly bound, than were their fathers', to the old faith and the old virtues ? I believe, he that knows the most of the country will be the readiest to answer all these questions, as every lover of genius and virtue would desire to hear them answered.

On one point there can be no controversy ; the poetry of Burns has had most powerful influences in reviving and strengthening the national feelings of his countrymen. Amidst penury and labour, his youth fed on the old minstrelsy and traditional glories of his nation, and his genius divined, that what he felt so deeply must belong to a spirit that might lie smothered around him, but could not be extinguished. The political circumstances of Scotland were, and had been, such as to starve the flame of patriotism ; the popular literature had striven, and not in vain, to make itself English ; and, above all, a new and a cold system of speculative philosophy had begun to spread widely among us.

A peasant appeared, and set himself to check the creeping pestilence of this indifference. Whatever genius has since then been devoted to the illustration of the national manners, and sustaining thereby of the national feelings of the people, there can be no doubt that Burns will ever be remembered as the founder, and, alas ! in his own person as the martyr, of this reformation.

J. G. LOCKHART, *Life of Robert Burns*. 1828.  
1794-1854.

### THE PATRIOTISM OF BURNS

IN another point of view, moreover, we incline to think that Burns's influence may have been considerable : we mean, as exerted specially on the Literature of his country, at least on the Literature of Scotland. Among the great changes which British, particularly Scottish literature, has undergone since that period, one of the greatest will be found to consist in its remarkable increase of nationality. Even the English writers, most popular in Burns's time, were little distinguished for their literary patriotism, in this its best sense. A certain attenuated cosmopolitanism had, in good measure, taken place of the old insular home-feeling ; literature was, as it were, without any local environment ; was not nourished by the affections which spring from a native soil. Our Grays and Glovers seemed to write almost as if *in vacuo* ; the thing written bears no mark of place ; it is not written so much for Englishmen, as for men ; or rather, which is the inevitable result of this, for certain Generalizations which philosophy termed men. Goldsmith is an exception : not so Johnson ; the scene of his

*Rambler* is little more English than that of his *Rasselas*.

But if such was, in some degree, the case with England, it was, in the highest degree, the case with Scotland. . . . Never, perhaps, was there a class of writers so clear and well-ordered, yet so totally destitute, to all appearance, of any patriotic affection, nay of any human affection whatever. The French wits of the period were as unpatriotic; but their general deficiency in moral principle, not to say their avowed sensuality and unbelief in all virtue, strictly so-called, render this accountable enough. . . .

With Sir Walter Scott at the head of our literature, it cannot be denied that much of this evil is past, or rapidly passing away: our chief literary men, whatever other faults they may have, no longer live among us like a French Colony, or some knot of Propaganda Missionaries; but like natural-born subjects of the soil, partaking and sympathizing in all our attachments, humours and habits. Our literature no longer grows in water but in mould, and with the true racy virtues of the soil and climate. How much of this change may be due to Burns, or to any other individual, it might be difficult to estimate. Direct literary imitation of Burns was not to be looked for. But his example, in the fearless adoption of domestic subjects, could not but operate from afar; and certainly in no heart did the love of country ever burn with a warmer glow than in that of Burns: 'a tide of Scottish prejudice', as he modestly calls this deep and generous feeling, 'had been poured along his veins; and he felt that it would boil there till the flood-gates shut in eternal rest'. It seemed to him, as if *he* could do so little for his country, and yet would so gladly have done all. One small province

stood open for him,—that of Scottish Song ; and how eagerly he entered on it, how devotedly he laboured there ! In his toilsome journeyings, this object never quits him ; it is the little happy-valley of his careworn heart. In the gloom of his own affliction, he eagerly searches after some lonely brother of the muse, and rejoices to snatch one other name from the oblivion that was covering it ! These were early feelings, and they abode with him to the end.

T. CARLYLE, *Essay on Burns*. 1828.

1795–1881.

## IRISH PATRIOTISM

### IRELAND'S FUTURE

AT last we are beginning to see what we are, and what is our destiny. Our duty arises where our knowledge begins. The elements of Irish nationality are not only combining—in fact, they are growing confluent in our minds. Such nationality as merits a good man's help, and wakens a true man's ambition—such nationality as could stand against internal faction and foreign intrigue, such nationality, as would make the Irish hearth happy and the Irish name illustrious, is becoming understood. It must contain and represent the races of Ireland. It must not be Celtic, it must not be Saxon—it must be Irish. The Brehon law, and the maxims of Westminster, the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael, the placid strength of the Sasanach, the marshalling insight of the Norman—a literature which shall exhibit in combination the passions and idioms of all, and which shall equally express our mind in its romantic, its religious, its forensic, and its practical tendencies—finally, a native government, which shall know and rule by the might and right of all; yet yield to the arrogance of none—these are components of *such* a nationality.

T. O. DAVIS, *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*. 1846.  
1814-45.

## TO IRISH PATRIOTS

GENTLEMEN, many of you possess, more of you are growing into the possession of, great powers—powers which were given you for good, which you may use for evil. I trust that not as adventurers, or rash meddlers, will you enter on public life. But to enter on it in some way or other the state of mind in Ireland will compel you. You must act as citizens, and it is well, ‘non nobis solum nati sumus, ortusque nostri partem patria vindicat’. Patriotism once *felt* to be a duty *becomes* so. To act in politics is a matter of duty everywhere; here, of necessity. To make that action honourable to yourselves, and serviceable to your country, is a matter of choice. In your public career you will be solicited by a thousand temptations to sully your souls with the gold and place of a foreign court, or the transient breath of a dishonest popularity; dishonest, when adverse to the good, though flattering to the prejudices of the people. You now abound in patriotism, and are sceptical of public corruption; yet most assuredly, if you be eloquent and strong-thinking, threats and bribes will be held out to you. You will be solicited to become the barking misleaders of a faction, or the gazehounds of a minister—dogs who can tell a patriot afar off. Be jealous of your honour and your virtue *then*; yield not. Bid back the tempter. Do not grasp remorse. Nay, if it be not a vain thought, in such hours of mortal doubt, when the tempted spirit rocks to and fro, pause and recall one of your youthful evenings, and remember the warning voice of your old companion, who felt as a friend, and used a friend’s liberty. Let the voice of his warning rise upon

your ear ; think he stands before you as he does now, telling you in such moments, when pride or luxury or wrath make you waver, to return to communings with nature's priests, the Burns', the Wordsworths, the Shakespeares, but, above all, to nature's self. She waits with a mother's longings for the wanderer ; fling yourselves into her arms, and as your heart beats upon her bosom your native nobility will return, and thoughts divine as the divinest you ever felt will bear you unscathed through the furnace. Pardon the presumption, pardon the hope ('tis one of my dearest, now), ' forsan et *haec* olim meminisse iuvabit '.

T. O. DAVIS, *An Address delivered before  
the Historical Society, Dublin.* 1840.

1814-45.



## COLONIAL PATRIOTISM

### SURSUM CORDA

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties, which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government ;—they will cling and grapple to you ; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood, that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another ; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation ; the cement is gone ; the cohesion is loosened ; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have ; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have

the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond, which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England ? Do you imagine then, that it is the land tax act which raises your revenue ? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply, which gives you your army ? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline ? No ! surely no ! It is the love of the people ; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and

mechanical politicians, who have no place among us ; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material ; and who therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom ; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America, with the old warning of the Church, *Sursum corda !* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire ; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness, of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is ; English privileges alone will make it all it can be.

EDMUND BURKE, *On Conciliation  
with America.* 1775.

## THE STRENGTH OF ENGLAND

THE strength of England lies not in armaments and invasions : it lies in the omnipresence of her industry, and in the vivifying energies of her high civilization. There are provinces she can not grasp ; there are islands she can not hold fast : but there is neither island nor province, there is neither kingdom nor continent, which she could not draw to her side and fix there everlastingly, by saying the magic words, '*Be Free*'. Every land wherein she favours the sentiments of freedom, every land wherein she but forbids them be stifled, is her own ; a true ally, a willing tributary, an inseparable friend. Principles hold those together whom power would only alienate.

W. S. LANDOR, *Imaginary Conversations*.

1824 ('General Lacy and Cura Merino').

1775-1864.

## AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

### AMERICA'S NATIONAL TRADITIONS

TILL after our Civil War it never seemed to enter the head of any foreigner, especially of any Englishman, that an American had what could be called a country, except as a place to eat, sleep, and trade in. Then it seemed to strike them suddenly. 'By Jove, you know; fellahs don't fight like that for a shop-till !' No, I rather think not. To Americans America is something more than a promise and an expectation. It has a past and traditions of its own. A descent from men who sacrificed everything and came hither, not to better their fortunes, but to plant their idea in virgin soil, should be a good pedigree. There was never colony save this that went forth, not to seek gold, but God. Is it not as well to have sprung from such as these as from some burly beggar who came over with Wilhelmus Conquestor, unless, indeed, a line grow better as it runs farther away from stalwart ancestors ? And for history, it is dry enough, no doubt, in the books, but, for all that, is of a kind that tells in the blood. . . .

Above all, we beg them [our visitors] to remember that America is not to us, as to them, a mere object of external interest to be discussed and analysed, but *in* us, part of our very marrow. Let them not suppose that we conceive of ourselves as exiles from the graces and amenities of an older date than we, though very much at home in a state of things not yet all it might be or should be, but which we mean to make so, and which we find both

wholesome and pleasant for men (though perhaps not for *dilettanti*) to live in. 'The full tide of human existence' may be felt here as keenly as Johnson felt it at Charing Cross, and in a larger sense. I know one person who is singular enough to think Cambridge the very best spot on the habitable globe. 'Doubtless God *could* have made a better, but doubtless he never did.'

J. R. LOWELL, *On a certain Condescension in Foreigners.* 1869.

1819-91.

### THE AMERICAN DECLARATION

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to this separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government . . .

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which Independent States may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

T. JEFFERSON, *Declaration of Independence*, 1776.  
1743-1826.

## AFTER THE DECLARATION

It is the will of heaven that the two countries should be sundered forever; it may be the will of heaven that America shall suffer calamities still more wasting and distresses yet more dreadful. If this is to be the case, the furnace of affliction produces refinement in states as well as individuals; but I submit all my hopes and fears to an overruling Providence, in which, unfashionable as the faith may be, I firmly believe.

Had a declaration of independence been made seven months ago, we might before this hour have formed alliances with foreign states; we should have mastered Quebec, and been in possession of Canada; but, on the other hand, the delay has many great advantages attending it. The hopes of reconciliation which were fondly entertained by multitudes of the honest and well-meaning, though weak and mistaken, have been gradually and at last totally extinguished. Time has been given for the whole people maturely to consider the great question of independence, so that in every colony of the thirteen they have now adopted it as their own act.

But the day is passed. The second day of July 1776<sup>1</sup> will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America; to be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival, commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore.

<sup>1</sup> The nation, when it made the choice of its great anniversary, selected not the day of the resolution of independence [July 2] when it closed the past, but that of the declaration [July 4] of the principles on which it opened its new career.—G. BANCROFT, *History of the United States*.



You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these states; yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory; that the end is worth all the means; that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even though we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not.

JOHN ADAMS. 1776.

1785-1826.

### BUNKER HILL

WE know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination

also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it for ever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must for ever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labour may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that

the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

D. WEBSTER, *Oration on the Bunker Hill Monument.* 1825.

1782-1852.

### · GETTYSBURG

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated here to the great task remaining before us—that from

these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *Dedicatory Address at  
Gettysburg Cemetery*, Nov. 19, 1863.

1809-65.

#### A PATRIOT'S FAREWELL

IN the discharge of this trust<sup>1</sup> I will only say, that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgement was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment, which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgement of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honours

<sup>1</sup> The Presidency of the United States.

it has conferred upon me ; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me ; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious—vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging—in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected.—Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence—that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual—that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained—that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue—that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

G. WASHINGTON, *The Farewell Address  
to the People of the United States,*  
Sept. 17, 1796.

## AN INCITEMENT TO AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

IF we dilate in beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment. Let us find room for this great guest in our small houses. The first step of worthiness will be to disabuse us of our superstitious associations with places and times, with number and size. Why should these words, Athenian, Roman, Asia, and England, so tingle in the ear? Where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; and, if we will tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. See to it, only, that thyself is here;—and art and nature, hope and fate, friends, angels, and the Supreme Being, shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest. Epaminondas, brave and affectionate, does not seem to us to need Olympus to die upon, nor the Syrian sunshine. He lies very well where he is. The Jerseys were handsome ground enough for Washington to tread, and London streets for the feet of Milton. A great man makes his climate genial in the imagination of men, and its air the beloved element of all delicate spirits. That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds. The pictures which fill the imagination in reading the actions of Pericles, Xenophon, Columbus, Bayard, Sidney, Hampden, teach us how needlessly mean our life is, that we, by the depth of our living, should deck it with more than regal or national splendour, and act on principles that should interest man and nature in the length of our days.

R. W. EMERSON, *Essay on Heroism*. 1841.

‘ONE MIGHT BE WORSE OFF THAN EVEN  
IN AMERICA’

WALKING one day toward the Village, as we used to call it in the good old days when almost every dweller in the town had been born in it, I was enjoying that delicious sense of disenthralment from the actual which the deepening twilight brings with it, giving, as it does, a sort of obscure novelty to things familiar. The coolness, the hush, broken only by the distant bleat of some belated goat, querulous to be disburdened of her milky load, the few faint stars, more guessed as yet than seen; the sense that the coming dark would so soon fold me in the secure privacy of its disguise—all things combined in a result as near absolute peace as can be hoped for by a man who knows that there is a writ out against him in the hands of the printer's devil. For the moment I was enjoying the blessed privilege of thinking without being called on to stand and deliver what I thought to the small public who are good enough to take any interest therein. I love old ways, and the path I was walking felt kindly to the feet it had known for almost fifty years. How many fleeting impressions it had shared with me! How many times I had lingered to study the shadows of the leaves mezzotinted upon the turf that edged it by the moon, of the bare boughs etched with a touch beyond Rembrandt by the same unconscious artist on the smooth page of snow! If I turned round, through dusky tree-gaps came the first twinkle of evening lamps in the dear old homestead. On Corey's hill I could see these tiny pharoses of love and home

and sweet domestic thoughts flash out one by one across the blackening salt-meadow between. How much has not kerosene added to the cheerfulness of our evening landscape! A pair of night-herons flapped heavily over me toward the hidden river. The war was ended. I might walk townward without that aching dread of bulletins that had darkened the July sunshine, and twice made the scarlet leaves of October seem stained with blood. I remembered with a pang, half proud, half painful, how so many years ago I had walked over the same path and felt round my finger the soft pressure of a little hand that was one day to harden with faithful grip of sabre. On how many paths, leading to how many homes where proud Memory does all she can to fill up the fireside gaps with shining shapes, must not men be walking in just such pensive mood as I? Ah, young heroes, safe in immortal youth as those of Homer, you at least carried your ideal hence untarnished! It is locked for you beyond moth or rust in the treasure-chamber of Death.

Is not a country, I thought, that has had such as they in it, that could give such as they a brave joy in dying for it, worth something, then? And as I felt more and more the soothing magic of evening's cool palm upon my temples, as my fancy came home from its reverie, and my senses, with reawakened curiosity, ran to the front windows again from the viewless closet of abstraction, and felt a strange charm in finding the old tree and shabby fence still there under the travesty of falling night, nay, were conscious of an unsuspected newness in familiar stars and the fading outlines of hills my earliest horizon, I was conscious of an immortal soul, and could not but rejoice in the unwaning



goodliness of the world into which I had been born without any merit of my own. I thought of dear Henry Vaughan's rainbow, 'Still young and fine!' I remembered people who had to go over to the Alps to learn what the divine silence of snow was, who must run to Italy before they were conscious of the miracle wrought every day under their very noses by the sunset; who must call upon the Berkshire hills to teach them what a painter autumn was, while close at hand the Fresh Pond meadows made all oriels cheap with hues that showed as if a sunset cloud had been wrecked among their maples. One might be worse off than even in America, I thought. There are some things so elastic that even the heavy roller of democracy cannot flatten them altogether down. The mind can weave itself warmly in the cocoon of its own thoughts and dwell a hermit anywhere. A country without traditions, without ennobling associations, a scramble of *parvenus*, with a horrible consciousness of shoddy running through politics, manners, art, literature, nay, religion itself? I confess it did not seem so to me there in that illimitable quiet, that serene self-possession of nature, where Collins might have brooded his 'Ode to Evening', or where those verses on Solitude in Dodsley's Collection, that Hawthorne liked so much, might have been composed. Traditions? Granting that we had none, all that is worth having in them is the common property of the soul—an estate in gavelkind for all the sons of Adam—and, moreover, if a man cannot stand on his two feet (the prime quality of whoever has left any tradition behind him), were it not better for him to be honest about it at once, and go down on all-fours? And for associations, if one have not the wit to make them for himself

out of his native earth, no ready-made ones of other men will avail him much. Lexington is none the worse to me for not being in Greece, nor Gettysburg that its name is not Marathon.

· J. R. LOWELL, *On a certain Condescension in Foreigners.* 1869.

1819-91.

## OTHER PATRIOTISMS

BELGIUM, 1914-15.

ACROSS the smoke of conflagration, across the steam of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs, of His love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay, which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? When in her throes she brings forth heroes, our Mother Country gives her own energy to the blood of those sons of hers. Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. There were Belgians, and many such, who wasted their time and their talents in futile quarrels of class with class, of race with race, of passion with personal passion.

Yet when, on the second of August, a mighty foreign power, confident in its own strength and defiant of the faith of treaties, dared to threaten us in our independence, then did all Belgians, without difference of party, or of condition, or of origin, rise up as one man, close-ranged about their own king, and their own government, and cry to the invader: 'Thou shalt not go through!'

At once, instantly, we were conscious of our own patriotism. For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, *Res publica*. And this profound will within us is Patriotism. . . .

Family interests, class interests, party interests, and the material good of the individual take their place, in the scale of values, below the ideal of Patriotism, for that ideal is Right, which is absolute. Furthermore, that ideal is the public recognition of Right in national matters, and of national Honour. Now there is no Absolute except God. God alone, by His sanctity and His sovereignty, dominates all human interests and human wills. And to affirm the absolute necessity of the subordination of all things to Right, to Justice, and to Truth, is implicitly to affirm God.

When, therefore, humble soldiers whose heroism we praise answer us with characteristic simplicity, 'We only did our duty,' or 'We were bound in honour,' they express the religious character of their Patriotism. Which of us does not feel that Patriotism is a sacred thing, and that a violation of national dignity is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege ?

CARDINAL MERCIER, ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES,  
*Pastoral Letter*, Christmas 1914.

1851--.

### ITALIAN PATRIOTISM

EXCEPT England and France, no country can have this feeling of self-esteem<sup>1</sup> in so high a degree as Italy. Except England and France, no country can suffer so much in having it wounded. No other country, not even the great powers, such as Russia, Austria, and Prussia, could cry with such just humiliation and despair in undergoing a foreign rule, '*Unde lapsus!*' What is the past of these three nations, what their elements for a national pride to feed upon, what their history, art, or literature, compared with those of Italy ?—of a people, which,

<sup>1</sup> The feeling defined by Arnold on p. 158 of the present book.  
P.P. 894

besides having been the most brilliant in Europe in the middle ages and at the Revival of Letters, has in addition, to swell its consciousness of its gifts and grandeur, all the glories of the Roman Empire. And it is vain to tell an Italian that he has no right to take a national pride in these, to identify his race with the Roman race, to claim an inheritance in Roman antiquity. In the first place, were his blood a thousand times more mixed than it really is, were he a thousand times less than he really is the descendant of the Romans, it would still be inevitable that, in his position, he should adopt them as his forefathers, and cherish the memory of their exploits as of those of his own race. In the second place, the modern Italian does in fact continue the old nations of Italy with far less change than is commonly supposed. The greatest of authorities on the languages of Latin origin believed that the modern dialects of Italy were the spoken dialects of Italy in the time of the Romans. The barbarian invasion changed the inhabitants of Italy far less than the Norman invasion changed the inhabitants of England. Yet we, whose language and national character were profoundly modified by that invasion, who use a language which far less resembles that of Hengist than an Italian's language resembles that of Romulus, who owe to the influence of the Latinized Normans that practical inventive and audacious genius which has made the fortune of the English nation, we take an affectionate pride in the Saxon Alfred, and esteem his glory as a national possession. Can we wonder that an Italian, with less solution of continuity, claims kinship with Scipio and Caesar?

M. ARNOLD, *England and the Italian Question*. 1859.

## DANTE'S PATRIOTISM

ANOTHER thought [i.e. together with that of Beatrice] sustained him, and was the *end* towards which he directed all the energies which love had roused within him; and this must be specially insisted upon, because, wonderfully enough! even in the present day it is either misunderstood or lightly treated by all who busy themselves about Dante. This aim is the *national aim*—the same desire that vibrates instinctively in the bosoms of twenty-two millions of men, and which is the secret of the immense popularity Dante has in Italy.

This idea of national greatness is the leading thought in all that Dante did or wrote.—Never man loved his country with a more exalted or fervent love; never had man such projects of magnificent and exalted destinies for her.

There must of necessity be some centre to which the general inspiration of mankind ascends, thence to flow down again in the form of **LAW**,—a power strong in unity, and in the supporting advice of the higher intellects naturally destined to rule, providing with calm wisdom for all the different functions which are to be fulfilled—the distinct employments—itsself performing the part of pilot, of supreme chief, in order to bring to the highest perfection, what Dante calls 'The universal Religion of human nature:' that is, empire—**IMPERIUM**. It will maintain concord amongst the rulers of states, and this peace will diffuse itself from thence into towns, from the towns among each cluster of habitations, into every house, into the bosom of each man.

But where is the seat of this empire to be?

At this question Dante quits all analytic argumentation and takes up the language of synthetical

and absolute affirmation, like a man in whom the least expression of doubt excites astonishment.

He is no longer a *philosopher*, he is a *believer*. He shows ROME, the HOLY CITY, as he calls her—the city whose very stones he declares to be worthy of reverence—‘*There* is the seat of empire’. ‘There never was, and there never will be, a people endowed with more gentleness for the exercise of command, with more vigour to maintain it, and more endowed with the capacity to acquire it, than the Italian nation, and above all, the Holy Roman people.’ God chose Rome from among the rest of nations. It is her bosom that has already twice given unity to the world ; and it is in her bosom that the world will once more find it, and for ever. Do you think it is by physical strength that Rome, a mere city, a handful of men, has subjected so many nations ? Dante will tell you that there was a moment when he himself believed that it had been thus, and his whole soul was ready to revolt against this usurpation. Afterwards his eyes were opened : in the pages of the history of this people he saw the working of Providence unfold itself—‘*predestinationem divinam*’—it was needful that the world should be prepared, should in some sort be equalized under the rule of a single power, in order that the preaching of Jesus might cause new life to spring up throughout the whole earth. God consecrated Rome to this work—there lay the secret of her strength . . . and when the work was done, Rome rested from her labours, until the second Gospel of Unity was needed by the world.

The second book of his *Monarchia*, and the fourth and fifth chapters of the second treatise of the *Convito*, are one entire hymn to this idea, which Dante revered as religious.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI, *Foreign Quarterly Review*,  
April 1844 (‘Dante Alighieri’).

## SPANISH PATRIOTISM

SPAIN had risen not merely to be delivered and saved ;—deliverance and safety were but intermediate objects ;—regeneration and liberty were the end, and the means by which this end was to be attained ; had their own high value ; were determined and precious ; and could no more admit of being departed from, than the end of being forgotten. —She had risen—not merely to be free ; but, in the act and process of acquiring that freedom, to recompense herself, as it were in a moment, for all which she had suffered through ages ; to levy, upon the false fame of a cruel Tyrant, large contributions of true glory ; to lift herself, by the conflict, as high in honour—as the disgrace was deep to which her own weakness and vices, and the violence and perfidy of her enemies, had subjected her.

Let us suppose that our own land had been so outraged ; could we have been content that the enemy should be wafted from our shores as lightly as he came,—much less that he should depart illustrated in his own eyes and glorified, singing songs of savage triumph and wicked gaiety ?—No.—Should we not have felt that a high trespass—a grievous offence had been committed ; and that to demand satisfaction was our first and indispensable duty ? Would we not have rendered their bodies back upon our guardian ocean which had borne them hither ; or have insisted that their haughty weapons should submissively kiss the soil which they had polluted ? We should have been resolute in a defence that would strike awe and terror : this for our dignity :—moreover, if safety



and deliverance are to be so fondly prized for their own sakes, what security otherwise could they have ? Would it not be certain that the work, which had been so ill done to-day, we should be called upon to execute still more imperfectly and ingloriously to-morrow ; that we should be summoned to an attempt that would be vain ?

In like manner were the wise and heroic Spaniards moved. If an Angel from heaven had come with power to take the enemy from their grasp (I do not fear to say this, in spite of the dominion which is now re-extended over so large a portion of their land), they would have been sad ; they would have looked round them ; their souls would have turned inward ; and they would have stood like men defrauded and betrayed.

For not presumptuously had they taken upon themselves the work of chastisement. They did not wander madly about the world—like the Tamerlanes, or the Chengiz Khans, or the present barbarian Ravager of Europe—under a mock title of Delegates of the Almighty, acting upon self-assumed authority. Their commission had been thrust upon them. They had been trampled upon, tormented, wronged—bitterly, wantonly wronged—if ever a people on the earth was wronged. And this it was which legitimately incorporated their law with the supreme conscience, and gave to them the deep faith which they have expressed—that their power was favoured and assisted by the Almighty.—These words are not uttered without a due sense of their awful import : but the Spirit of evil is strong : and the subject requires the highest mode of thinking and feeling of which human nature is capable.—Nor in this can they be deceived ; for, whatever be the immediate issue for themselves, the final issue for

their Country and Mankind must be good ;—they are instruments of benefit and glory for the human race ; and the Deity therefore is with them.

W. WORDSWORTH, *The Convention of Cintra*. 1809.

1770–1850.

### GOETHE'S PATRIOTISM

Do not believe that I am indifferent to the great ideas—Freedom, Fatherland, and People. No ; these ideas are in us ; they form a portion of our being which no one can cast off. Germany is dear to my heart. I have often felt a bitter pain at the thought that the German people, so honourable as individuals, should be so miserable as a whole.<sup>1</sup> A comparison of the German people with other peoples awakens a painful feeling, which I try to escape in any way I can ; and in Art and Science I have found such escapes ; for they belong to the world at large, and before them vanish all the limits of nationality. But this consolation is after all but a poor one, and is no compensation for the proud conviction that one belongs to a great, strong, honoured, and dreaded people.

GOETHE, in H. Luden's *Rückblicke*. 1847.  
(*Tr.* G. H. LEWES, 1855.)

1749–1832.

<sup>1</sup> Spoken in 1813.

# CHRISTIANITY AND PATRIOTISM

## THE OLD TESTAMENT AND PATRIOTISM

IN every crisis of public strife, when irreconcilable principles have tried their strength in the open field, the Old Testament has risen into higher favour with religious men ; has seemed to become richer, deeper, grander than before ; and to speak with a directness and reality that almost take its antiquity away. The peasants of Germany called their leader the Sword of Gideon, and took Westphalia for their Promised Land. The Huguenots besieged in La Rochelle pondered the story of Sennacherib's host, and prayed the prayer of Hezekiah. If you peep over the shoulder of Cromwell's trooper, reading his Bible in the hay-loft ere he flings himself upon the straw to sleep, the page on which the lantern shines tells of Barak at the brook or Jephtha on the road. The cry of public humiliation or thanksgiving sets itself to the harp of David, or takes up the strains of Isaiah. At such times prophets speak more to the heart than apostles, and the Christian gospel is harder to apply than the Hebrew annals. . . . Judaism is national, Christianity universal ; religion in the one is concentrated into the kingdom of Israel, in the other widened into the kingdom of heaven ; works in the one upon a map of this world, amid an historic people, on the margin of great empires, and along the lines of spreading colonization ; stands in the other neutral to the distinctions of race and the

vicissitudes of destiny, and speaks only to the spirit that is alike in all. Hence in an age which stirs questions of public polity, in which the heart of the world is seething with new and nobler aims, and the tribes of men are drawn off by the inspiration of special genius, it is the Hebrew scriptures alone that give response to their uppermost affections; uttering the prayer and recording the heroism of men who testified for the monarchy of God; breathing the strains of exile from their native land; hurling defiance at oppressors, or breaking into songs of deliverance, or predicting the reign of justice on earth; in every way alive with the feelings of men astir in the fields, and blown upon by the open air of history. The Old Testament is the expression of an intense *nationality*—a nationality consecrated by faith, and guarded by a sense of loyalty to the living God. The expression may be often fierce and wild, for it comes out of the soul of men neither better nor wiser than might be found elsewhere; but it is *real*, and meets the case of those who are tossed upon like contests and exposed to like temptations.

J. MARTINEAU, *National Duties, and other Sermons*. (Posthumous edition, 1908.)

1805–1900.

## THE NEW TESTAMENT AND PATRIOTISM

CONSIDER, too, the *historical theatre* on which Christianity appeared and spread; and ask yourself whether, if the religion itself had been ever so inclined to expound the patriot's duty, there was really anything suitable to be said. We doubtless owe to the Roman Empire a grand field for the

diffusion of Christian truth; a world-wide realm was the proper scene for the mission of a universal faith. But we owe to it also this countervailing grudge; that it has prevented, or at least disturbed, to this very hour, the growth of any genuine nation upon the earth. Taking its rise from an Italian city, and widening its circle during eight centuries, it wiped out the independent life and pushed back the landmarks of historic tribes, wherever its eagles advanced; its genius for organization enabled it to hold what it acquired, and purchase content by material order and military fear. . . . A religion sent forth over such a world can say nothing of the commonwealth; on the side of the political virtues it must present a blank; and so terrible did the omission seem to the Christian teachers, so mutilated did human nature look under this incapacity, that it was evidence to them against the longer existence of the disjointed world that entailed it; and the allegiance and self-sacrifice that were not wanted here they transferred to the invisible realm, and bespoke for 'a better country, even a heavenly'. What would have been patriotism under better terrestrial conditions became joyous, affectionate, devoted 'fellow-citizenship with the Saints'; what would have been loyalty took the upward and ideal direction, and became a simple willingness to spend and be spent in the service of the 'King of Saints'. And these were real and living affections, bursting with pure fire into the vacant spaces of the human soul, and kindling it all with a fresh enthusiasm.

J. MARTINEAU, *National Duties, and other Sermons*. (Posthumous edition, 1903.)

1805-1900.

### THE SOURCE OF PATRIOTISM PAGAN NOT CHRISTIAN

MUCH of the spirit of modern politics came from Greece; much from the woods of Germany. But the skeleton and framework is almost entirely Roman. And it is not this framework only that comes from Rome. The moral sentiments and the moral force which lie at the back of all political life and are absolutely indispensable to its vigour are in great measure Roman too. It is true that the life and power of all morality whatever will always be drawn from the New Testament; yet it is in the history of Rome rather than in the Bible that we find our models and precepts of political duty, and especially of the duty of patriotism. St. Paul bids us follow whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report. But except through such general appeals to natural feeling it would be difficult to prove from the New Testament that cowardice was not only disgraceful but sinful, and that love of our country was an exalted duty of humanity. That lesson our consciences have learnt from the teaching of Ancient Rome.

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE, in *Essays and Reviews*.

1860 ('The Education of the World').

1821-1902.

### PATRIOTISM BOTH IN THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS

As actions that proceed from the love of one's country are more illustrious than any others in the records of time; so we find, that those persons who have been eminent in other virtues, have been

particularly distinguished by this. It would be endless to produce examples of this kind out of Greek and Roman authors. To confine myself, therefore, in so wide and beaten a field, I shall choose some instances from Holy Writ, which abounds in accounts of this nature as much as any other history whatsoever. And this I do the more willingly, because, in some books lately written, I find it objected against revealed religion, that it does not inspire the love of one's country. Here I must premise, that as the sacred author of our religion chiefly inculcated to the Jews those parts of their duty wherein they were most defective, so there was no need of insisting upon this; the Jews being remarkable for an attachment to their own country, even to the exclusion of all common humanity to strangers. We see, in the behaviour of this Divine person, the practice of this virtue in conjunction with all others. He deferred working a miracle in the behalf of a Syro-Phoenician woman until he had declared his superior good-will to his own nation; and was prevailed upon to heal the daughter of a Roman centurion, by hearing from the Jews, that he was one who loved their nation, and had built them a synagogue. But, to look out for no other instance, what was ever more moving, than his lamentation over Jerusalem, at his first approach to it, notwithstanding he had foretold the cruel and unjust treatment he was to meet with in that city! for he foresaw the destruction which, in a few years, was to fall upon that people; a destruction not to be paralleled in any nation, from the beginning of the world to this day; and in the view of it melted into tears. His followers have, in many places, expressed the like sentiments of affection for their countrymen, among which,

none is more extraordinary than that of the great convert, who wished he himself might be made a curse, provided it might turn to the happiness of his nation ; or, as he words it, ‘ of his brethren and kinsmen who are Israelites.’ This instance naturally brings to the mind the same heroic temper of soul in the great Jewish lawgiver, who would have devoted himself in the same manner, rather than see his people perish. It would, indeed, be difficult to find out any man of extraordinary piety, in the sacred writings, in whom this virtue is not highly conspicuous. The reader, however, will excuse me, if I take notice of one passage, because it is a very fine one, and wants only a place in some polite author of Greece or Rome, to have been admired and celebrated. The King of Syria, lying sick upon his bed, sent Hasael, one of his great officers, to the prophet Elisha, to inquire of him whether he should recover. The prophet looked so attentively on this messenger, that it put him into some confusion ; or, to quote this beautiful circumstance, and the whole narrative in the pathetic language of Scripture, ‘ Elisha settled his countenance steadfastly upon him, until he was ashamed : and Hasael said, Why weepeth my lord ? And he said, Because I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel : their strong-holds wilt thou set on fire, and their men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child. And Hasael said, But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing ? And Elisha answered, The Lord hath showed me, that thou shalt be king over Syria.’

J. ADDISON, *The Freeholder*. 1716.



## 'HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER'

By honouring father and mother, in the NATURAL SENSE, which is that of the letter, is meant that children should honour their parents, should obey them, should be attentive to them, and grateful for benefits received from them, remembering with all thankfulness that they have been fed and clothed by them, and introduced into the world to act in a civil and moral character, and likewise into heaven, by the religious advice and counsels which they have received from them. Thus parents provide for the temporal prosperity, and also for the eternal happiness, of their children, all which they do under the impulse of that parental affection implanted in them by the Lord, in whose place they stand. In a respective sense, this commandment implies the honour due from wards to their guardians, in case they have lost their parents. In a more extensive sense, this precept enjoins the honour due to a king and public magistrates, since they too provide every thing that is necessary for the good of the community, as parents do for the private good of their particular families. In the most extensive natural sense, this commandment implies that men should love their country, since it is this which nourishes and protects them; and therefore, in the Latin tongue, country is expressed by the word *patria*, evidently derived from *pater*, which signifies father. But parents themselves are equally bound to show honour in the two last cases, and to teach their children to do the same.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, *The True  
Christian Religion.* 1771.

**'THE LAND WHICH THE LORD THY GOD GIVETH  
THEE'**

IN our days the question is asked which was first asked by Heylin, the biographer of Laud, 'How can the honour which we pay to parents have anything to do with this command, seeing that a promise is appended to it which points to Palestine, and only to Palestine?'

That question has taught me more respecting the meaning and truth of these Commandments, and respecting the cause of our growing contempt for them, than the most elaborate discussions could have done. It shows me what is the suppressed premiss in the minds of those who suppose the Decalogue to be a Jewish code unfit for our country and our time. It is this: 'No land of the modern world is a gift from the Lord God to those who occupy it in the same sense in which Palestine was a gift to the Jews.' I do not say that this premiss is at all confined to those who speak slightly of the Commandments. Many of those who contend most vehemently for their paramount authority would be scandalized if any one said broadly, 'I maintain that Great Britain is given to us just as Palestine was given to the Israelites; that we hold it of the same Lord on the same conditions.' They would feel as if the exceptional miraculous character of the Old Testament narrative was invaded by such an opinion, as if it was in danger of being reduced to the level of common history. And yet, if this opinion is false, the Fifth Commandment has clearly no binding force upon us; the objection to it is conclusive.

I adhere to the maxims respecting this Commandment which I have maintained respecting

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those which precede it. I hold that it was addressed by the living God to a particular nation, which He chose out of all nations, to be a witness of Him, a specimen of His ways and doings, and of His relation to every people under heaven. . . . I think that God gave Persians, Greeks, and Romans their land, as He gave the Jews their land ; that He has given Britons, Romans, Saxons, Normans, the land on which we dwell ; that every race has holden it of Him under the tenure of honouring fathers and mothers ; that the days of no race have been long in the land when the honour of fathers and mothers has ceased in that race ; that the days of no race will be long in any land when the honour of fathers and mothers shall cease in that race.

F. D. MAURICE, *The Commandments*. 1866.  
1805-72.

**‘ WILT NOT THOU, O GOD, GO FORTH WITH OUR  
HOSTS ? ’**

OBSERVE, then, that when the prophet says ‘ *Nation* shall not lift up sword against *nation* ’, he clearly assumes that there shall be distinct nations in the most perfect condition of society which can be conceived of. Any other faith would have been absolutely intolerable and impossible to a Jewish prophet. The distinctness of his own nation had been the assurance to him that God had chosen him and his fathers, that He Himself was in the midst of them. He longed for a time when each nation should have the same stable ground for its existence, when each should feel that the God of the whole earth was its God. He looked with horror and trembling at those great empires which swallowed up the

particular nations, though he regarded them as the divinely-appointed punishers of their idolatries and sins. Nor can this truth of theirs, brethren, ever be changed. There may be abundance of *religion* where there is no national life, but there is no *godliness*. Destroy national characteristics, reduce us merely into one great society, and whether the bond of that society is a pope, or an emperor, or a customs-union, the result is the same. A living God is not feared or believed in; He is not the centre of that combination; His name or the name of a number of Gods may be invoked in it, but His presence is not that which holds its different elements together. Therefore let us be sure that if we would ever see a real family of nations, such as the prophets believed would one day emerge out of the chaos they saw around them, a family of nations which shall own God as their Father and Christ as their elder Brother, this must come from each nation maintaining its own integrity and unity; this must come from the members of it feeling that they are really fellow-citizens; this must come from their understanding that it is their solemn duty, their duty to God and to each other, not to cast away their swords, not to beat them into ploughshares, while there is any power which would take that from them which has been committed to their trust, and which they can only part with when they part also with their morality and their faith. I trust and believe that if ever our countrymen are called upon to defend their own hearths and homes, they will not be taught by the preachers of the land that they *may* do so because self-preservation is an instinct which justifies almost any acts. So poor and miserable a doctrine, such a mere apology for resistance, never yet inspired any hearts or nerved any arms.

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I trust God will enable us to speak a truer language, more in accordance with His word; to say boldly that this is a duty to which God Himself is calling them, which His Spirit will enable them to perform, which it is a sin against Him to neglect; that not self-preservation, but self-sacrifice, is their work and privilege. For that work let them be animated and prepared by prayers, benedictions, sacraments. And though we are not permitted to hold out the hopes to men with which priests in the Middle Ages encouraged those who were going to the holy wars, that their sins shall be remitted, and that they shall obtain crowns of glory; though all such arguments would be weak, because they would be dishonest; we may say confidently, that if any men who have been leading a grovelling, self-seeking life, caring nothing for their fellow-men or for God, are moved to become brave and devoted citizens, that is the beginning of a conversion, that is a better and more healthful obedience to the voice of the Divine Spirit, than any self-inflicted penances or tortures could possibly be.

F. D. MAURICE, *Sermon on the Funeral  
of the Duke of Wellington*, 1852.

1805-72.

### ‘THE ABSOLUTION OF A FAITHFUL FIGHT’

The sunshine dreaming upon Salmon's height  
Is not so sweet and white  
As the most heretofore sin-spotted soul  
That darts to its delight

Straight from the absolution of a faithful fight.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

I WAS asked lately by a Staff officer whether a soldier falling in a righteous cause—and our cause is

such, to demonstration—is not veritably a martyr. Well, he is not a martyr in the rigorous theological meaning of the word, inasmuch as he dies in arms, whereas the martyr delivers himself, undefended and unarmed, into the hands of the executioner. But if I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honour, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valour, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. 'Greater love than this no man hath,' said Our Saviour, 'that a man lay down his life for his friends.' And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice; but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the theologian? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love?

Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all griefs, of all our human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence but our congratulation. Not all our heroes obtain temporal honours, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity: it cancels a whole lifetime of sins. It transforms a sinful man into a saint.

Assuredly a great and a Christian comfort is the thought that not only amongst our own men, but in any belligerent army whatsoever, all who in good faith submit to the discipline of their leaders in the service of a cause they believe to be righteous, are sharers in the eternal reward of the soldier's sacrifice. And how many may there not be among these young men of twenty who, had they survived, might possibly not have had the resolution to live altogether well, and yet in the impulse of patriotism had the resolution to die so well?

Is it not true, my Brethren, that God has the supreme art of mingling His mercy with His wisdom and His justice? And shall we not acknowledge that if war is a scourge for this earthly life of ours, a scourge whereof we cannot easily estimate the destructive force and the extent, it is also for multitudes of souls an expiation, a purification; a force to lift them to the pure love of their country and to perfect Christian unselfishness?

CARDINAL MERCIER, ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES,  
*Pastoral Letter*, Christmas 1914.

1851—

### FIRST THE NATURAL, AFTERWARDS THE SPIRITUAL PATRIOTISM

THE reason why a man's country is his neighbour more than a single society, is, because it consists of several societies, so that the love he bears towards it is of a more extensive and superior kind: moreover, to love one's country is to love the public welfare. Every man's country stands in the relationship of neighbour, from its resemblance to a parent; for the country which gave him birth

is ever giving him support also, and affording him security from injuries. Men are bound from a principle of love to do good to their country according to its wants, some of which are natural and some spiritual: natural wants regard civil life and order, and spiritual wants regard spiritual life and order. That every man is bound to love his country, not as he loves himself, but in preference to himself, is a law inscribed on the human heart, whence the universal saying, to which every upright man subscribes, that when in danger of destruction, whether from an enemy or from any other source, it is honourable for any one to die in his country's cause, and it is glorious for a soldier to shed his blood in her defence; and these expressions are used to mark the very great love which should bind us to our country. It is to be observed that those who love their country, and render it good services from a principle of goodwill, after death love the Lord's kingdom, which then is their country, and those who love his kingdom, love the Lord himself, because the Lord is the all in all of his kingdom.

· EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, *The True Christian Religion*. 1771.

1688-1772.

## THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT IN A TIME OF IRRELIGION

WHAT should be the tenor of their conduct who find themselves cast on such times of decay and danger? How may a man best reconcile his allegiance to God and his Church with his duty to his country, that country which now, by the supposition, is fast becoming hostile to the Church, and cannot therefore long be the friend of God?



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Now in proportion as any one sees reason to fear that such is, or soon may be, the case in his own land, just so far may he see reason to be thankful, especially if he be called to any national trust, for such a complete pattern of his duty as he may find in the conduct of Samuel. That combination of sweetness with firmness, of consideration with energy, which constitutes the temper of a perfect public man, was never perhaps so beautifully exemplified. He makes no secret of the bitter grief and dismay with which the resolution of his countrymen has filled him. He was prepared to resist it at all hazards, had he not received from God Himself directions to give them *their own way*; protesting, however, in the most distinct and solemn tone, so as to throw the whole blame of what might ensue on their wilfulness. Having so protested, and found them obstinate, he does not therefore at once forsake their service, he continues discharging all the functions they had left him, with a true and loyal, though most heavy, heart. 'God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you: but I will teach you the good and the right way.' . . .

The Church would, first of all, have to be constant, as before, in INTERCESSION. No despitful usage, no persecution, could warrant her in ceasing to pray, as did her first fathers and patterns, for the State and all who are in authority. That duty once well and cordially performed, all other duties, so to speak, are secured. Candour, respectfulness, guarded language, all that the Apostle meant in warning men not to 'speak evil of dignities', may then, and then only, be practised, without compromise of truth and fortitude, when the habit is attained of praying as we ought for the very enemies of our precious and holy cause. . . .

Thus not only by supernatural aid, which we have warrant of God's word for expecting, but even in the way of natural consequence, the first duty of the Church and of Churchmen, INTERCESSION, sincerely practised, would prepare them for the second;—which, following the words of Samuel as our clue, we may confidently pronounce to be REMONSTRANCE. 'I will teach you the good and the right way.' REMONSTRANCE, calm, distinct, and persevering, in public and in private, direct and indirect, by word, look, and demeanour, is the unequivocal duty of every Christian, according to his opportunities, when the Church landmarks are being broken down. . . .

Come what may, we have ill learned the lessons of our Church if we permit our patriotism to decay together with the protecting care of the State. 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' whether they foster the true Church or no. Submission and order are still duties. They were so in the days of pagan persecution; and the more of loyal and affectionate feeling we endeavour to mingle with our obedience the better.

JOHN KEBLE, *Sermon on National  
Apostasy.* 1833.

1792-1866.

## ON LOVING ONE'S NEIGHBOUR

OUR Country is the Neighbour according to its good, spiritual, moral, and civil. A country, in the idea of all men, is as one thing; for which reason, all laws, both justicial and economical, are applied to it universally, or as to one thing; wherefore a country is as a man in the concrete, and is also

called a body in which the king is supreme. The good of country we are to consult, is called the public and the common good, and it is said of a king, that the people are in the body of his government. Moreover, when it is of the Lord's good pleasure, every kingdom is visibly presented to the angels in the heavens as one man, and thus its quality is seen in its form. This form is the form of its spiritual affection, the form of the face, that of the affection of spiritual good ; and the form of the body, that of civil good ; whilst its manners, speech, and the like, present its rational good. On thus seeing a kingdom as one man, its quality may be seen, and according to this quality, it is the neighbour. Birth does not make one person more a neighbour than another, not even a father or a mother ; nor yet education ; for these are the distinctions of natural good ; and neither does kin, relationship, or country. Our country, then, is only to be loved according to the quality of its good, and yet we are bound to serve it kindly, which we do by consulting its use, because, thus, we consult that of all its inhabitants. But we are not so bound to consult the use of another and a foreign kingdom, because one kingdom does not will another's good, but wills to destroy it in wealth and power, and thus in means of defence ; and therefore, loving any other kingdom more than our own by consulting its use more, makes against the good of our own kingdom. For this reason, we are to love our country in a higher degree than other countries. For example, if I had been born at Venice or at Rome, and were a Reformed Christian, am I to love my native country for its spiritual good ? I cannot. Nor can I, for its moral or civil good, in as far as these depend for their existence on spiritual good. In as far as they do not so depend,

I can. Nevertheless in these three respects, I am odious to my country ; yet it shall not be odious to me, nor will I be inimical or hostile to it ; but still will love it ; not involving it in destruction, but consulting its good, in as far as it is really such ; and yet not so consulting it as to confirm my country in its own falsity and evil.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, *The Doctrine of Charity*. (Published posthumously, 1839.)

1688-1772.

## A PRAYER FOR PATRIOTISM

O God of our fathers, Lord God of Israel and of England, have mercy upon us. Thou hast given us the land on which we dwell, and we have called it our own, not confessed it to be Thine. We have not confessed that we are all citizens of the same land, bound to our forefathers, whose tombs are amongst us, bound to the children whom Thou wilt watch over as Thou hast watched over us. We have not revered our fathers and mothers as Thou hast bidden us reverence them. We have often fancied that we were honouring Thee in neglecting them. O God, for the sake of Thy dear Son, who has taught us to call Thee Father, and has bound us together in one family, turn us from our evil ways. May Thy Spirit write this Commandment, that we should honour our fathers and mothers in our hearts. May He make this land very dear to us. May He make us ready to live and die that it may be a great and free land, worshipping Thee the true God, and not worshipping Mammon, the spirit of baseness and selfishness. We know that if we serve him, we shall be indifferent to our fathers and mothers, and perish

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off the land. But O, reform us, and restore us, and fill us with fear of Thee and trust in Thee, that we may honour those who have testified, and do testify, to us of Thee, of Thy enduring law, of Thy everlasting love. Amen.

F. D. MAURICE, *The Commandments*. 1866.  
1805-72.

## TWO SERMONS ON PATRIOTISM

### DOING GOOD

BESIDE this love we owe to every man in his particular capacity under the title of our neighbour, there is yet a duty of a more large extensive nature incumbent on us ; which is, our love to our neighbour in his public capacity, as he is a member of that great body the commonwealth, under the same government with ourselves ; and this is usually called love of the public, and is a duty to which we are more strictly obliged than even that of loving ourselves ; because therein ourselves are also contained, as well as all our neighbours, in one great body. This love of the public, or of the commonwealth, or love of our country, was in ancient times properly known by the name of Virtue, because it was the greatest of all virtues, and was supposed to contain all virtues in it : And many great examples of this virtue are left us on record, scarcely to be believed, or even conceived, in such a base, corrupted, wicked age as this we live in. In those times it was common for men to sacrifice their lives for the good of their country, although they had neither hope or belief of future rewards ; whereas, in our days, very few make the least scruple of sacrificing a whole nation, as well as their own souls, for a little present gain ; which often hath been known to end in their own ruin in this world, as it certainly must in that to come. . . .

Therefore I shall think my time not ill spent, if I

can persuade most or all of you who hear me, to show the love you have for your country, by endeavouring, in your several stations, to do all the public good you are able. For I am certainly persuaded, that all our misfortunes arise from no other original cause than that general disregard among us to the public welfare.

I therefore undertake to show you three things. . . .

*First* : There are few people so weak or mean, who have it not sometimes in their power to be useful to the public.

Solomon tells us of a poor wise man who saved a city by his counsel. It hath often happened that a private soldier, by some unexpected brave attempt, hath been instrumental in obtaining a great victory. How many obscure men have been authors of very useful inventions, whereof the world now reaps the benefit ? The very example of honesty and industry in a poor tradesman will sometimes spread through a neighbourhood, when others see how successful he is ; and thus so many useful members are gained, for which the whole body of the public is the better. Whoever is blessed with a true public spirit, God will certainly put it into his way to make use of that blessing, for the ends it was given him, by some means or other : And therefore it hath been observed in most ages, that the greatest actions, for the benefit of the commonwealth, have been performed by the wisdom or courage, the contrivance or industry, of particular men, and not of numbers ; and that the safety of a kingdom hath often been owing to those hands from whence it was least expected.

But, *Secondly* : It is often in the power of the meanest among mankind to do mischief to the public, and hence arise most of those miseries with which the states and kingdoms of the earth are infested.

How many great princes have been murdered by the meanest ruffians? The weakest hand can open a flood-gate to drown a country, which a thousand of the strongest cannot stop. Those who have thrown off all regard for public good, will often have it in their way to do public evil, and will not fail to exercise that power whenever they can. . . .

From hence, it clearly follows how necessary the love of our country, or a public spirit, is in every particular man, since the wicked have so many opportunities of doing public mischief. Every man is upon his guard for his private advantage; but, where the public is concerned, he is apt to be negligent, considering himself only as one among two or three millions. among whom the loss is equally shared, and thus, he thinks, he can be no great sufferer. . . .

I proceed to the last thing I proposed, which was to show you that all wilful injuries done to the public are very great and aggravated sins in the sight of God.

*First:* It is apparent from Scripture, and most agreeable to reason, that the safety and welfare of nations are under the most peculiar care of God's providence. Thus He promised Abraham to save Sodom, if only ten righteous men could be found in it. Thus the reason which God gave to Jonas for not destroying Nineveh was, because there were six-score thousand men in that city.

All government is from God, who is the God of order, and therefore whoever attempts to breed confusion or disturbance among a people, doth his utmost to take the government of the world out of God's hands, and to put it into the hands of the Devil, who is the author of confusion. By which it is plain, that no crime, how heinous soever,



committed against particular persons, can equal the guilt of him who does injury to the public.

*Secondly* : All offenders against their country lie under this grievous difficulty, that it is next to impossible to obtain a pardon, or make restitution. The bulk of mankind are very quick at resenting injuries, and very slow in forgiving them : And how shall one man be able to obtain the pardon of millions, or repair the injuries he hath done to millions ? . . .

*Lastly* : All offences against our own country have this aggravation, that they are ungrateful and unnatural. It is to our country we owe those laws which protect us in our lives, our liberties, our properties, and our religion. Our country produced us into the world, and continues to nourish us so, that it is usually called our mother ; and there have been examples of great magistrates, who have put their own children to death for endeavouring to betray their country, as if they had attempted the death of their natural parent.

Thus I have briefly shown you how terrible a sin it is to be an enemy to our country, in order to incite you to the contrary virtue, which at this juncture is so highly necessary, when every man's endeavour will be of use. We have hitherto been just able to support ourselves under many hardships ; but now the axe is laid to the root of the tree, and nothing but a firm union among us can prevent our utter undoing. This we are obliged to, in duty to our gracious King, as well as to ourselves. Let us therefore preserve that public spirit, which God hath raised in us for our own temporal interest.

JONATHAN SWIFT, *Doing Good* :  
A Sermon. 1724.

## ON THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY

THE love of our country has been ridiculed by some modern enthusiasts, as too narrow a field for the benevolence of an enlightened mind ; they are for comprehending the whole human race in our affections, and deem any partiality shown to the particular country in which we happen to be born, as a narrow, and unphilosophical preference : Now, it would be difficult to say, whether complete selfishness, or universal philanthropy, is the most likely to mislead us from that sound practical goodness, in which the beauty of Christianity, and the merit of a Christian, consist. Our sphere of thought has hardly any limits, our sphere of action hardly any extent ; we may speculate on worlds, we must act in families, in districts, and in kingdoms ; and if we contract a distaste for the good we can do, because it is not equal to the good we can conceive, we only sacrifice deeds to words, and rule our lives by maxims of the most idle, and ostentatious sentiment.

Whatever virtues may increase with age, the virtue of patriotism is not amongst the number. It is in truth a matter of some wonder, that so many men of irreproachable honesty, in private life, should be so totally devoid of public virtue ; not only devoid of it in practice, but in theory. Every sneer against the duties we owe to the public is received with complacency, and considered as proceeding from a thorough knowledge of life, and mankind ; and to talk seriously of the love of our country, is political artifice, or youthful declamation. Nor are these public sins at all infamous in the eyes of the world ; men of undoubted guilt move in the same circles they moved before, and with increased

consideration, if their crimes be upon a large scale, and they have bartered morality for a dignified price.

Has our Saviour given us such strict rules for our conduct to each other, and left us to the free exercise of every bad, and licentious passion when we sin only against the public? Is it against narrow, and partial crimes that he has threatened the wrath of God, and has he flung open the doors of Heaven to magnificent villany, and boundless pollution? He who sins against the public, has no true religion of God; he has no honour, which is the religion of the world; he abstains from crimes against individuals, because he knows that loss of reputation is loss of interest, and gives loose to his baseness when profit invites, and impunity permits; if he lived in worse times, when the standard of morals was still lower, he would defraud his neighbour, he would forfeit his word; his pretended virtues are maxims of convenience; he has no guardian conscience, no protecting principle; there waves not in his breast that flaming sword which turns every way to drive off that which is evil, and to guard the tree of life. ~

There is a crime committed against the country, in times of its adversity, which is certainly of the most sordid, and selfish nature; that men who derive not only protection, but opulence, from a country in the days of its prosperity, should, upon any appearance of alarm, be ever ready to retire with person, and property to other countries, is a principle subversive of all political union whatsoever. What nation could exist for a moment, if, in the day of danger, and war, when the kingdoms were gathered together against her, she saw her treasures dispersed, and her children fled? Are we not all linked together by language, by birth, by habits, by opinions, by virtues, for worse, for better, for glory, for shame, for peace,

for war, for plenty, for want ? Will you shudder to interweave your destiny with the destiny of your country ? Can you possibly think of your own security when your land is weary, and fainting because of her great afflictions ? And when all whom you know, and love can die, and suffer, would you alone live, and rejoice ? *If I forget thee, O Jerusalem ! let my right hand forget her cunning : If I do not remember thee in the time of my trouble, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.*

SYDNEY SMITH, *Sermons*, 1809 (‘ On the Love of our Country ’).

1771-1845.

# PATRIOTISM AND COSMOPOLITANISM

## 'COSMOPOLITISM' AND PATRIOTISM

### I

THE objects of the patriot are, that his countrymen should, as far as circumstances permit, enjoy what the Creator designed for the enjoyment of animals endowed with reason, and of course that they should have it in their power to develop those faculties which were given them to be developed. He would do his best that every one of his countrymen should possess whatever all men may and should possess, and that a sufficient number should be enabled and encouraged to acquire those excellencies which, though not necessary or possible for all men, are yet to all men useful and honourable. He knows that patriotism itself is a necessary link in the golden chain of our affections and virtues, and turns away with indignant scorn from the false philosophy or mistaken religion, which would persuade him that cosmopolitism is nobler than nationality, the human race a sublimer object of love than a people; and that Plato, Luther, Newton, and their equals, formed themselves neither in the market nor the senate, but in the world, and for men of all ages. True! but where, and among whom are these giant exceptions produced? In the wide empires of Asia, where millions of human beings acknowledge no other bond but that of a common slavery, and are distinguished on the map but by a name which themselves perhaps never heard, or hearing abhor? No! in a circle defined by human affections,

the first firm sod within which becomes sacred beneath the quickened step of the returning citizen ;—here, where the powers and interests of men spread without confusion through a common sphere, like the vibrations propagated in the air by a single voice, distinct yet coherent, and all uniting to express one thought and the same feeling ;—here, where even the common soldier dares force a passage for his comrades, by gathering up the bayonets of the enemy into his own breast, because his country expected every man to do his duty, and this not after he has been hardened by habit, but, as probably, in his first battle ; not reckless or hopeless, but braving death from a keener sensibility to those blessings which make life dear, to those qualities which render himself worthy to enjoy them ;—here, where the royal crown is loved and worshipped as a glory around the sainted head of freedom ;—where the rustic at his plough whistles with equal enthusiasm, ‘ God save the King ’, and ‘ Britons never shall be slaves ’, or, perhaps, leaves one thistle unweeded in his garden, because it is the symbol of his dear native land ;—here, from within this circle defined, as light by shade, or rather as light within light, by its intensity,—here alone, and only within these magic circles, rise up the awful spirits, whose words are oracles for mankind, whose love embraces all countries, and whose voice sounds through all ages ! Here, and here only, may we confidently expect those mighty minds to be reared and ripened, whose names are naturalized in foreign lands, the sure fellow-travellers of civilization, and yet render their own country dearer and more proudly dear to their own countrymen. This is indeed cosmopolitanism, at once the nursling and the nurse of patriotic affection. This, and this alone, is genuine philan-

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thropy, which, like the olive-tree, sacred to concord and to wisdom, fattens, not exhausts, the soil, from which it sprang, and in which it remains rooted. It is feebleness only which cannot be generous without injustice, or just without ceasing to be generous. Is the morning star less brilliant, or does a ray less fall on the golden fruitage of the earth, because the moons of Saturn too feed their lamps from the same sun ?

S. T. COLERIDGE, *The Friend*,  
February 15, 1810 (revised 1818).

1772-1834.

### II

I HAVE never known a trader in philanthropy, who was not wrong in heart somewhere or other. Individuals so distinguished are usually unhappy in their family relations,—men not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost hostile to them, yet lavishing money and labour and time on the race, the abstract notion. The cosmopolitism which does not spring out of, and blossom upon, the deep-rooted stem of nationality or patriotism, is a spurious and rotten growth.

S. T. COLERIDGE, *Table Talk*,  
August 14, 1833.

1772-1834.

## RUSKIN PROPOUNDS, EXPOSES, AND CONDEMNS A FALLACY

### I

Who would not scorn—and that justly—a man who had no patriotism ? Yet what is patriotism but an absurd prejudice, founded on an extended

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selfishness ? Who would not detest a man who should weigh his brother's request as if it came from an utter stranger ? Yet how is it just that a worthier claim should be rejected, because habits of sitting in opposite chairs have brought the affections together ?

It is not a subject to be pressed, however ; for an affection, however unreasonably placed, is always a good thing, and our fault is not that we love our relatives too much, but that we do not include all who live in the number.

*Letters to a College Friend*  
(May 16, 1841).

### II

‘Patriotism is nationally, that which Egoism is individually.’  
HERBERT SPENCER.

MR. SPENCER would not, I think, himself accept this statement, if put into the clearer form, ‘What is Egoism in one man, is patriotism in two or more, and the vice of an individual, the virtue of a multitude.’ But it is strange . . . that so careful a student should be unaware that the term ‘patriotism’ cannot, in classical usage, be extended, to the action of a multitude. No writer of authority ever speaks of a nation as having felt, or acted, patriotically. Patriotism is, by definition, a virtue of individuals ; and so far from being in those individuals a mode of egoism, it is precisely in the sacrifice of their egoism that it consists. It is the temper of mind which determines them to defer their own interests to those of their country.

*Home and its Economies, 1873.*



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### III

HUMAN sacrifice is abolished, in the divinest of sacrifices, that of the patriot for his country,—Codrus being exemplary of all future heroism in this kind ;—of Leonidas, Curtius, Arnold of Sempach, and Sir Richard Grenville.

Against which voice of the morning winds and the sun's lyre, the leathern throat of modern death, choked inch-thick with putrid dust, proclaims in its manner, ' Patriotism is, nationally, what selfishness is individually.' <sup>1</sup>

*The ' Economist ' of Xenophon, 1876.*

J. RUSKIN.

1819-1900.

### SELF-PRESERVATION AND SELF-SACRIFICE

THE difference between nationality and the state is exhibited in the nature of patriotic attachment. Our connexion with the race is merely natural or physical, whilst our duties to the political nation are ethical. One is a community of affections and instincts infinitely important and powerful in savage life, but pertaining more to the animal than to the civilized man ; the other is an authority governing by laws, imposing obligations, and giving a moral sanction and character to the natural relations of society. Patriotism is in political life what faith is in religion, and it stands to the domestic feelings and to home-sickness as faith to fanaticism and to superstition. It has one aspect derived from private life and nature ; for it is an extension of the

<sup>1</sup> ' Such the eternally-damned modern view of the matter.'  
—RUSKIN, in a letter dated February 8, 1877.

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family affections, as the tribe is an extension of the family. But in its real political character, patriotism consists in the development of the instinct of self-preservation into a moral duty which may involve self-sacrifice. Self-preservation is both an instinct and a duty, natural and involuntary in one respect, and at the same time a moral obligation. By the first it produces the family; by the last, the state. If the nation could exist without the state, subject only to the instinct of self-preservation, it would be incapable of denying, controlling, or sacrificing itself; it would be an end and a rule to itself. But in the political order moral purposes are realized, and public ends are pursued, to which private interests and even existence must be sacrificed. The great sign of true patriotism, the development of selfishness into sacrifice, is the product of political life.

LORD ACTON, *Nationality*. 1862.

1834-1902.

### ‘WANT OF PATRIOTISM IS WANT OF FEELING’

*North*. Believe me, my dear Shepherd, that in every country there is cause for patriotism, or the want of such a cause argues defects in the character and condition of the country of the grossest kind. It shows that the people are vicious, or servile, or effeminate——

*Shepherd*. Which only a confoonded leear will ever say o’ Scotsmen.

*North*. The want of this feeling is always a great vice in the individual character; for it will hardly ever be found to arise from the only justifiable or half-justifiable cause, namely, when a very high

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mind, in impatient disdain of the baseness of all around it, seems to shake off its communion with them. I call that but half-justifiable.

*Shepherd.* And I, sir, with your leave, ca't a'thegither unjustifiable, as you can better explain than the simple Shepherd.

*North.* You are right, James. For the noblest minds do not thus break themselves loose from their country; but they mourn over it, and commiserate its sad estate, and would die to recover it. They acknowledge the great tie of nature—of that house they are—and its shame is their own.

*Shepherd.* O, sir! but you're a generous noble-hearted cretur!

*North.* In all cases, then, the want of patriotism is sheer want of feeling; such a man labours under an incapacity of sympathizing with his kind in their noblest interests. Try him, and you shall find that on many lower and unworthier occasions he feels with others—that his heart is not simply too noble for this passion—but that it is capable of being animated and warmed with many much inferior desires.

*Shepherd.* A greedy dowie and a lewd ane,—in the ae case, snarlin for a bane—and in the ither, growling for the flesh. I scunner at sic a sinner.

JOHN WILSON, *Noctes Ambrosianae*. 1835.  
1785–1854.

‘WOE TO THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD!’

*North.* Woe to the citizen of the world!

*Shepherd.* Shame—shame—shame!

*North.* The man who feels himself not bound to his country can have no gratitude.

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*Shepherd.* Hoo selfish and cauld-hearted maun hae been his very childhood !

*North.* I confess that, except in cases of extreme distress, I have never been able to sympathize with——emigrants.

*Shepherd.* I dinna weel ken, sir, what to say to that—but mayna a man love, and yet leave his country ?

*North.* My dear James, I see many mournful meanings in the dimness of your eyes—so shall not pursue that subject—but you will at least allow me to say, that there is something shocking in the mind of the man who can bear, without reluctance or regret, to be severed from the whole world of his early years—who can transfer himself from the place which is his own to any region of the globe, where he can advance his fortune—who, in this sense of the word, can say, in carrying himself, ‘omnia mea mecum porto.’

*Shepherd.* That’s no in my book o’ Latin and Greek quotations.

*North.* Exiles carry with them from their mother country all its dearest names.

*Shepherd.* And a wee bit name—canna it carry in it a wecht o’ love !

*North.* Ay, James, the fugitives from Troy had formed a little Ilium, and they had, too, their little Xanthus.

*Tickler.* ‘Et avertem Xanthi cognomine rivum.’

*Shepherd.* You’re twa classical scholars, and wull aye be quotin Greek. But for my part,—after a’ those eloquent diatribes o’ yours on the pawtriotism o’ the auncients, I wudna desire to stray for illustrations ae step out o’ the Forest.

JOHN WILSON, *Noctes Ambrosianae.* 1835.

## THE OPPORTUNITY OF SERVICE

‘BUT SINCE MAN’S HEART IS SMALL’

As man is so much limited in his capacity, as so small a part of the creation comes under his notice and influence, and as we are not used to consider things in so general a way; it is not to be thought of, that the universe should be the object of benevolence to such creatures as we are. . . . The object is too vast. For this reason moral writers also have substituted a less general object for our benevolence, mankind. But this likewise is an object too general, and very much out of our view. Therefore persons more practical have, instead of mankind, put our country; and made the principle of virtue, of human virtue, to consist in the entire uniform love of our country: and this is what we call a public spirit; which in men of public stations is the character of a patriot.

JOSEPH BUTLER, *Sermons*. 1729.

1692–1752.

### OF THE ORDER IN WHICH SOCIETIES ARE BY NATURE RECOMMENDED TO OUR BENEFICENCE

THE state or sovereignty in which we have been born and educated, and under the protection of which we continue to live, is, in ordinary cases, the greatest society upon whose happiness or misery, our good or bad conduct can have much influence. It is accordingly, by nature, most strongly recommended to us. Not only we ourselves, but all the

objects of our kindest affections, our children, our parents, our relations, our friends, our benefactors, all those whom we naturally love and revere the most, are commonly comprehended within it; and their prosperity and safety depend in some measure upon its prosperity and safety. It is by nature, therefore, endeared to us, not only by all our selfish, but by all our private benevolent affections. Upon account of our own connexion with it, its prosperity and glory seem to reflect some sort of honour upon ourselves. When we compare it with other societies of the same kind, we are proud of its superiority, and mortified in some degree, if it appears in any respect below them. All the illustrious characters which it has produced in former times (for against those of our own times envy may sometimes prejudice us a little), its warriors, its statesmen, its poets, its philosophers, and men of letters of all kinds; we are disposed to view with the most partial admiration, and to rank them (sometimes most unjustly) above those of all other nations. The patriot who lays down his life for the safety, or even for the vain-glory of this society, appears to act with the most exact propriety. He appears to view himself in the light in which the impartial spectator naturally and necessarily views him, as but one of the multitude, in the eye of that equitable judge, of no more consequence than any other in it, but bound at all times to sacrifice and devote himself to the safety, to the service, and even to the glory of the greater number. But though this sacrifice appears to be perfectly just and proper, we know how difficult it is to make it, and how few people are capable of making it. His conduct, therefore, excites not only our entire approbation, but our highest wonder and admiration, and seems to merit all the applause which can be

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due to the most heroic virtue. The traitor, on the contrary, who, in some peculiar situation, fancies he can promote his own little interest by betraying to the public enemy that of his native country ; who, regardless of the judgement of the man within the breast, prefers himself, in this respect so shamefully and so basely, to all those with whom he has any connexion ; appears to be of all villains the most detestable.

ADAM SMITH, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*. 1759.

1723-90.

### OUR PROPER SPHERE OF ACTION

THOUGH there is a benevolence due to all mankind, none can question but a superior degree of it is to be paid to a father, a wife, or child. In the same manner, though our love should reach to the whole species, a greater proportion of it should exert itself towards that community in which Providence has placed us. This is our proper sphere of action, the province allotted to us for the exercise of our civil virtues, and in which alone we have opportunities of expressing our good-will to mankind. I could not but be pleased, in the accounts of the late Persian embassy into France, with a particular ceremony of the ambassador ; who, every morning, before he went abroad, religiously saluted a turf of earth dug out of his own native soil, to remind him, that in all the transactions of the day, he was to think of his country, and pursue its advantages. If, in the several districts and divisions of the world, men would thus study the welfare of those respective communities, to which their power of doing good is limited, the whole race of reasonable creatures

would be happy, as far as the benefits of society can make them so. At least, we find so many blessings naturally flowing from this noble principle, that in proportion as it prevails, every nation becomes a prosperous and flourishing people.

It may be yet a farther recommendation of this particular virtue, if we consider, that no nation was ever famous for its morals, which was not, at the same time, remarkable for its public spirit: patriots naturally rise out of a Spartan or Roman virtue: and there is no remark more common among the ancient historians, than that, when the state was corrupted with avarice and luxury, it was in danger of being betrayed, or sold.

To the foregoing reasons for the love which every good man owes to his country, we may add, that the actions which are most celebrated in history, and which are read with the greatest admiration, are such as proceed from this principle. The establishing of good laws, the detecting of conspiracies, the crushing of seditions and rebellions, the falling in battle, or the devoting of a man's self to certain death for the safety of fellow citizens, are actions that always warm the reader, and endear to him persons of the remotest ages and the most distant countries.

J. ADDISON, *The Freeholder*. 1716.  
1672-1719.

#### DUTIES TOWARDS YOUR COUNTRY

YOUR first duties—first as regards importance—are, as I have already told you, towards Humanity. You are *Men* before you are either Citizens, or Fathers. If you do not embrace the whole human



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family in your affection, if you do not bear witness to your belief in the Unity of that family,—consequent upon the Unity of God;—and in that fraternity among the peoples which is destined to reduce that Unity to action; if, wheresoever a fellow creature suffers, or the dignity of human nature is violated by falsehood or tyranny,—you are not ready, if able, to aid the unhappy, and do not feel called upon to combat, if able, for the redemption of the betrayed, or oppressed,—you violate your Law of Life, you comprehend not that Religion which will be the guide and blessing of the Future.

But what can each of you, singly, *do* for the moral improvement and progress of Humanity? You can from time to time give sterile utterance to your belief; you may, on some rare occasions, perform some act of *charity* towards a brother man not belonging to your own land, no more. . . .

But, you tell me, you cannot attempt united action, distinct and divided as you are in language, customs, tendencies, and capacity. The individual is too insignificant, and Humanity too vast. The mariner of Brittany prays to God as he puts to sea: 'Help me, my God! my boat is so small and Thy ocean so wide!' And this prayer is the true expression of the condition of each one of you, until you find the means of infinitely multiplying your forces and powers of action.

This means was provided for you by God, when He gave you a Country; when, even as a wise overseer of labour distributes the various branches of employment according to the different capacities of the workmen, He divided Humanity into distinct groups or nuclei upon the face of the earth, thus creating the germ of Nationalities. . . .

In labouring for our own Country on the right

## THE OPPORTUNITY OF SERVICE 143

principle, we labour for Humanity. Our Country is the fulcrum of the lever we have to wield for the common good. In abandoning that fulcrum, we run the risk of rendering ourselves useless not only to Humanity but to our Country itself.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI, *The Duties of Man*. 1862.  
1805-72.

### PATRIOTISM IS PHILANTHROPY

A SPHERE of *influence* belongs to every man and every age; and over every man, and every nation, and every succeeding age; but that of *action* is more confined. The influence of moral power extends but gradually and indirectly over cotemporary foreign nations. Those whose acts can directly influence the republic of nations are few, and at so lonely an elevation above common habits that they usually lose our common sympathies, and their power is a curse. But no man is without a sufficient sphere of action, and of direct influence. I speak not of private life; in it, blessed be God! our people are tender, generous, and true-hearted. But, gentlemen, you have a country. The people among whom we were born, with whom we live, for whom, if our minds are in health, we have most sympathy, are those over whom we have power—power to make them wise, great, good. Reason points out our native land as the field for our exertions, and tells us that without patriotism a profession of benevolence is the cloak of the selfish man; and does not sentiment confirm the decree of reason? The country of our birth, our education, of our recollections, ancestral, personal, national; the country of our loves, our friendships, our hopes;

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*our country—: the cosmopolite is unnatural, base—I would fain say, impossible. To act on a world is for those above it, not of it. Patriotism is human philanthropy.*

T. O. DAVIS, *An Address delivered before the Historical Society, Dublin. 1840.*

1814-45.

## PATRIOTISM A PASSION

‘ THIS IS MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND ’

WE hope, there is a patriotism founded on something better than prejudice ; that our country may be dear to us, without injury to our philosophy, that in loving and justly prizing all other lands, we may prize justly, and yet love before all others, our own stern Motherland, and the venerable Structure of social and moral life which Mind has through long ages been building up for us there. Surely there is nourishment for the better part of man’s heart in all this ; surely the roots, that have fixed themselves in the very care of man’s being, may be so cultivated as to grow up not into briers, but into roses, in the field of his life !

T. CARLYLE, *Essay on Burns*. 1828.  
1795–1881.

### THAT PATRIOTISM NEED NOT BE ALWAYS CONSCIOUSLY RATIONAL

It is not the virtues of your friend, or his wise counsels, or his steadfast will, that you bring before you when he is gone ; but his image and his voice, the natural language of his form and step, even the eccentricities and characteristic imperfections that made him outwardly unique. You do not contend that they are intrinsically beautiful and should be forced on the world’s admiration by a crusade of aggressive art. But if they are derided and assailed, you feel that

they had a divine right *to be* ; that they had a thing to say for themselves and for God in time and space ; that they were inseparable parts of a lovable essence, which else had not left its clear footprints upon reality ; and you will not hear them rudely called in question. So is it with the affection which men feel for their native land. Their feeling is composed of mixed elements, partly moral preference and insight, partly sympathy towards features intrinsically neutral but full of natural expressiveness. They discern and appreciate, as no outward observer can, the particular portion of sterling good which God has made the indigenous growth of their own soil. The great bases of English character, for instance, its moderation and veracity,—its firm hold of reality,—its reverence for Law and right,—its historical tenacity and aversion to speculative politics ;—these which appear materialistic and unattractive when contemplated from without, are the grounds of legitimate and wholesome self-respect at home. We know them better than we can any different good less intimate with our own life ; and even our *blind* attachment to them may be wiser than any precarious judgement of understanding quickened by no love. At all events, this attachment is the Providential guardian for the world of the moral deposit which has been entrusted to us, and which we are not to compromise through indifference or to surrender to anything but indubitable Right. And if patriotism is often quite unconscious of its own grounds ; if it does not reason on the virtues and liberties of the national heritage, or organize schemes for the future of the world ; if its imagination kindles chiefly at the mere mention of the home name, or the sound of the native song ; if the mere shape of the island on the map, and the

free line of its shores, should look up at our foolish eye with unspeakable appeal ; if the very hedge-rows and dotted trees, the sedgy streams and modest hills, though no better than those of other lands, should rise into the memory as pictures of untold beauty ; this is but like the recall of the sacred features of the absent or the dead, not unique in loveliness themselves, but symbols to us of a treasure consecrated and infinite.

J. MARTINEAU, *National Duties, and other Sermons*. (Posthumous edition, 1903.)

1805-1900.

#### PATRIOTISM INSTINCTIVE, NOT THEORETICAL

THE love of our own country seems not to be derived from the love of mankind. The former sentiment is altogether independent of the latter, and seems sometimes even to dispose us to act inconsistently with it. France may contain, perhaps, near three times the number of inhabitants which Great Britain contains. In the great society of mankind, therefore, the prosperity of France should appear to be an object of much greater importance than that of Great Britain. The British subject, however, who, upon that account, should prefer upon all occasions the prosperity of the former to that of the latter country, would not be thought a good citizen of Great Britain. We do not love our country merely as a part of the great society of mankind : we love it for its own sake, and independently of any such consideration. That wisdom which contrived the system of human affections, as well as that of every other part of nature, seems to have judged that the interest of the great society

of mankind would be best promoted by directing the principal attention of each individual to that particular portion of it, which was most within the sphere both of his abilities and of his understanding.

ADAM SMITH, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*. 1759.

1723-90.

### THE SYMPATHY OF RACE

*North*. I cannot yet think that our countrymen are irreligious—but I trust that they are still united, more closely and firmly than they know, by many sacred sympathies that will yet survive all this hubbub, and stabilitate the structure of social life, by preserving in extremity that of our political and pious institutions, that for ages have breathed back on the natural character the spirit out of which they arose.

*Shepherd*. What is Love o' Kintra but an amalgamated multitude o' sympathies in brethren's hearts!

*North*. Yes, James, you speak well. The love of our country is not so much an attachment to any assignable object, as it is our participation in that whole Spirit which has breathed in the breasts of that whole race of which we are sprung.

*Shepherd*. Yes, Christopher, you speak well. It is the Sympathy of Race.

*Tickler*. Philosophers!

*North*. All patriotism roots itself round those objects by which we are most essentially bound to our race—of our own and of past generations. How sacred the ties by which we are bound to our Mother Country! Think of a party of poor Indians, forced to quit their homes, bearing with them the

dear bones which, reburied in their new place of settlement, would make it, by that mighty magic, holy to them, even as their Natale Solum ! Think of the People, who, when upbraided with continually flying before Alexander, said, ' Let him pursue us to the Tombs of our Fathers, and he will then know whether we always fly ! '

JOHN WILSON, *Noctes Ambrosianae*. 1835.  
1785-1854.

### THE PASSION OF PATRIOTISM

*North*. When the warriors of Forest Germany, James, had met in some central spot in their annual assembly, they returned each to his own home, more bound to his country, because one and all had participated in an act of the people.

*Shepherd*. Our Saxon progenitors !

*North*. If all the circumstances, James, are considered which mix in this passion——

*Shepherd*. What 'n passion, sir ?

*North*. Patriotism ! such as the attachment to old institutions, to manners, to national peculiarities of speech and dress, it will be found that they have all their power by means of sympathy.

*Shepherd*. As I said.

*North*. As you said, and with even more than your usual eloquence. It is not simply that old recollections are gathered upon them——

*Shepherd*. Though that 's much——

*North*. ——but that by them each man feels himself with vivid reality to belong to his people. On any other ground on which patriotism may be founded, it may seem to have something unsubstantial and illusory ; but once shown to be founded thus, it is apparent that it can only decay when one



of the most important principles of our nature is in decay.

*Shepherd.* Sympathy, or the power o' feelin alang wi' a' our brethren o' mankind, but mair especially them that hae flourished and faded awa amang the flowers o' our ain soil, in a' the best emotions o' natur continuous in their characteristic current frae the cradle to the grave !

*North.* Good. How else, my dear Shepherd, can we comprhend that extraordinary passion of patriotism felt in old times ! You know—nobody better—what infinite causes concurred in such states to give immense power to that sympathy by which each man felt himself united to all his countrymen. We thus understand the importance attached by the Greeks to their national games, which otherwise would appear extravagant, or even absurd—the prize to the first-fallen of the war—of their civic funeral, and their oration pronounced in the hearing of all the people of Athens.

*Shepherd.* A' the nation lamentin and exultin for sake o' ae man !

*North.* We understand the value of pillars, on which their names were inscribed and read—of statues, in which their features were still looked upon by thousands of living eyes——

*Shepherd.* Glowerin on the eemages o' the glorious dead, till they too kindled wi' the howp o' ae day being glowered at by heroes yet unborn ! Posthumous fame ! posthumous fame ! Oh, sirs ! but it's a mystery that nae patriot would seek to anaelese, but rather alloo't to remain in its shooblimer simplicity, connectit wi' a feelin shooblimer still, the immortality o' the sowl.

JOHN WILSON, *Noctes Ambrosianae*. 1835:  
1785–1854.

## THE MODERATE MAN'S ONE PASSION

OUR Trimmer <sup>1</sup> is far from idolatry in other things, in one thing only he cometh near it, his country is in some degree his idol ; he doth not worship the sun, because 'tis not peculiar to us, it rambles about the world, and is less kind to us than others ; but for the earth of England, though perhaps inferior to that of many places abroad, to him there is divinity in it, and he would rather die, than see a spire of English grass trampled down by a foreign trespasser : He thinketh there are a great many of his mind, for all plants are apt to taste of the soil in which they grow, and we that grow here, have a root that produceth in us a stalk of English juice, which is not to be changed by grafting or foreign infusion ; and I do not know whether anything less will prevail, than the modern experiment, by which the blood of one creature is transmitted into another ; according to which, before the French blood can be let into our bodies, every drop of our own must be drawn out of them.

G. SAVILE, MARQUIS OF HALIFAX, *The Character of a Trimmer.* 1688.

1683-95.

<sup>1</sup> This innocent word Trimmer signifieth no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary ; it happeneth there is a third opinion of those, who conceive it would do as well, if the boat went even, without endangering the passengers ; now 'tis hard to imagine by what figure in language, or by what rule in sense this cometh to be a fault, and it is much more a wonder it should be thought a heresy.

## THE NECESSARY DEDICATION OF LIFE

IN whatever I may say touching the religion which has been the foundation of art, or the policy which has contributed to its power, if I offend one, I shall offend all ; for I shall take no note of any separations in creeds, or antagonisms in parties : neither do I fear that ultimately I shall offend any, by proving—or at least stating as capable of positive proof—the connexion of all that is best in the crafts and arts of man, with the simplicity of his faith, and the sincerity of his patriotism. . . .

The more that my life disappointed me, the more solemn and wonderful it became to me. It seemed, contrarily to Pope's saying, that the vanity of it *was* indeed given in vain ; but that there was something behind the veil of it, which was not vanity. It became to me not a painted cloud, but a terrible and impenetrable one : not a mirage, which vanished as I drew near, but a pillar of darkness, to which I was forbidden to draw near. For I saw that both my own failure, and such success in petty things as in its various triumph seemed to me worse than failure, came from the want of sufficiently earnest effort to understand the whole law and meaning of existence, and to bring it to noble and due end ; as, on the other hand, I saw more and more clearly that all enduring success in the arts, or in any other occupation, had come from the ruling of lower purposes, not by a conviction of their nothingness, but by a solemn faith in the advancing power of human nature, or in the promise, however dimly apprehended, that the mortal part of it would one day be swallowed up in immortality ; and that, indeed, the arts themselves never had reached any vital strength

or honour but in the effort to proclaim this immortality, and in the service either of great and just religion, or of some unselfish patriotism, and law of such national life as must be the foundation of religion.

J. RUSKIN, *The Mystery of Life  
and its Arts.* 1869.

1819-1900.

# PATRIOTISM RATIONALIZED

## AN ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS

HERE we may transiently remark the foundation of what we call national love, or love of one's native country. Whatever place we have lived in for any considerable time, there we have most distinctly remarked the various affections of human nature ; we have known many lovely characters ; we remember the associations, friendships, families, natural affections, and other human sentiments : our moral sense determines us to approve these lovely dispositions where we have most distinctly observed them ; and our benevolence concerns us in the interests of the persons possessed of them. When we come to observe the like as distinctly in another country, we begin to acquire a national love toward it also ; nor has our own country any other preference in our idea, unless it be by an association of the pleasant ideas of our youth with the buildings, fields, and woods where we received them. This may let us see how tyranny, faction, a neglect of justice, a corruption of manners, or anything which occasions the misery of the subjects, destroys this national love, and the dear idea of a country.

F. HUTCHESON, *An Inquiry concerning the Original of our Ideas of Virtue or Moral Good.* 1725.

## ON PATRIOTISM.—A FRAGMENT

PATRIOTISM, in modern times, and in great states, is and must be the creation of reason and reflection, rather than the offspring of physical or local attachment. Our country is a complex, abstract existence, recognized only by the understanding. It is an immense riddle, containing numberless modifications of reason and prejudice, of thought and passion. Patriotism is not, in a strict or exclusive sense, a natural or personal affection, but a law of our rational and moral nature, strengthened and determined by particular circumstances and associations, but not born of them, nor wholly nourished by them. It is not possible that we should have an individual attachment to sixteen millions of men, any more than to sixty millions. We cannot be *habitually* attached to places we never saw, and people we never heard of. Is not the name of Englishman a general term, as well as that of man? How many varieties does it not combine within it? Are the opposite extremities of the globe our native place, because they are a part of that geographical and political denomination, our country? Does natural affection expand in circles of latitude and longitude? What personal or instinctive sympathy has the English peasant with the African slave-driver, or East India Nabob? Some of our wretched bunglers in metaphysics would fain persuade us to discard all general humanity, and all sense of abstract justice, as a violation of natural affection, and yet do not see that the love of our country itself is in the list of our natural affections. The common notions of patriotism are transmitted down to us from the savage tribes, where the fate and condition

of all was the same, or from the states of Greece and Rome, where the country of the citizen was the town in which he was born. Where this is no longer the case,—where our country is no longer contained within the narrow circle of the same walls,—where we can no longer behold its glimmering horizon from the top of our native mountains—beyond these limits, it is not a natural but an artificial idea, and our love of it either a deliberate dictate of reason, or a cant term. It was said by an acute observer, and eloquent writer (Rousseau) that the love of mankind was nothing but the love of justice: the same might be said, with considerable truth, of the love of our country. It is little more than another name for the love of liberty, of independence, of peace, and social happiness. We do say that other indirect and collateral circumstances do not go to the superstructure of this sentiment (as language, literature, manners, national customs), but this is the broad and firm basis.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, *The Round Table*. 1817.  
1778–1880.

## ‘WE ARE A PEOPLE YET’

### GREAT PRECEDENTS

THE eminence, the nobleness of a people depends on its capability of being stirred by memories, and of striving for what we call spiritual ends—ends which consist not in immediate material possession, but in the satisfaction of a great feeling that animates the collective body as with one soul. A people having the seed of worthiness in it must feel an answering thrill when it is adjured by the deaths of its heroes who died to preserve its national existence; when it is reminded of its small beginnings and gradual growth through past labours and struggles, such as are still demanded of it in order that the freedom and well-being thus inherited may be transmitted unimpaired to children and children's children; when an appeal against the permission of injustice is made to great precedents in its history and to the better genius breathing in its institutions. It is this living force of sentiment in common which makes a national consciousness. Nations so moved will resist conquest with the very breasts of their women, will pay their millions and their blood to abolish slavery, will share privation in famine and all calamity, will produce poets to sing ‘some great story of a man’, and thinkers whose theories will bear the test of action. An individual man, to be harmoniously great, must belong to a nation of this order, if not in actual existence yet



existing in the past, in memory, as a departed, invisible, beloved ideal, once a reality, and perhaps to be restored.

GEORGE ELIOT, *Theophrastus Such*. 1879.

1819-80.

### CONSCIOUSNESS OF HISTORY

LET an Englishman or a Frenchman, who respectively represent the two greatest nationalities of modern Europe, sincerely ask himself what it is that makes him take pride in his nationality, what it is which would make it intolerable to his feelings to pass, or to see any part of his country pass, under foreign dominion. He will find that it is the sense of self-esteem generated by knowing the figure which his nation makes in history; by considering the achievements of his nation in war, government, arts, literature, or industry. It is the sense that his people, which has done such great things, merits to exist in freedom and dignity, and to enjoy the luxury of self-respect. It is the same feeling of self-esteem which, in the case of an individual, makes a state of dependence peculiarly galling to one who has once filled a great position, and who contrasts an eminent past with an abject present. For this feeling all the world confesses a natural sympathy, by regarding the situation of such a man as in a high degree tragic and pitiable.

M. ARNOLD, *England and the Italian Question*. 1859.

1822-88.

# OUR DUTY TOWARDS OUR COUNTRY

## THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF HIGHER EDUCATION

THEN, I said, the business of us who are the founders of the State will be to compel the best minds to attain that knowledge which we have already shown to be the greatest of all—they must continue to ascend until they arrive at the good ; but when they have ascended and seen enough we must not allow them to do as they do now.

What do you mean ?

I mean that they remain in the upper world : but this must not be allowed ; they must be made to descend again among the prisoners in the den, and partake of their labours and honours, whether they are worth having or not.

But is not this unjust ? he said ; ought we to give them a worse life, when they might have a better ?

You have again forgotten, my friend, I said, the intention of the legislator, who did not aim at making any one class in the State happy above the rest ; the happiness was to be in the whole State, and he held the citizens together by persuasion and necessity, making them benefactors of the State, and therefore benefactors of one another ; to this end he created them, not to please themselves, but to be his instruments in binding up the State.

True, he said, I had forgotten.

Observe, Glaucon, that there will be no injustice in compelling our philosophers to have a care and providence of others; we shall explain to them that in other States, men of their class are not obliged to share in the toils of politics: and this is reasonable, for they grow up at their own sweet will, and the government would rather not have them. Being self-taught; they cannot be expected to show any gratitude for a culture which they have never received. But we have brought you into the world to be rulers of the hive, kings of yourselves and of the other citizens, and have educated you far better and more perfectly than they have been educated, and you are better able to share in the double duty. Wherefore each of you, when his turn comes, must go down to the general underground abode, and get the habit of seeing in the dark. When you have acquired the habit, you will see ten thousand times better than the inhabitants of the den, and you will know what the several images<sup>1</sup> are, and what they represent, because you have seen the beautiful and just and good in their truth. And thus our State, which is also yours, will be a reality, and not a dream only, and will be administered in a spirit unlike that of other States, in which men fight with one another about shadows only and are distracted in the struggle for power, which in their eyes is a great good. Whereas the truth is that the State in which the rulers are most reluctant to govern is always the best and most

<sup>1</sup> The inhabitants of the den see only the distorted shadows cast by realities, which are on a high tableland out of their sight. But those who have been on the tableland know to what realities the shadows correspond.

quietly governed, and the State in which they are most eager, the worst.

Quite true, he replied.

And will our pupils, when they hear this, refuse to take their turn at the toils of State, when they are allowed to spend the greater part of their time with one another in the heavenly light?

Impossible, he answered; for they are just men, and the commands which we impose upon them are just; there can be no doubt that every one of them will take office as a stern necessity, and not after the fashion of our present rulers of State.

PLATO, *The Republic*, Book VII (Jowett's translation).

427-347 B.C.

### THE DUTY AND DUTIES OF PATRIOTISM

THE service of our country is no chimerical, but a real duty. He who admits the proofs of any other moral duty, drawn from the constitution of human nature, or from the moral fitness and unfitness of things, must admit them in favour of this duty, or be reduced to the most absurd inconsistency. When he has once admitted the duty on these proofs, it will be no difficult matter to demonstrate to him that his obligation to the performance of it is in proportion to the means and the opportunities he has of performing it; and that nothing can discharge him from this obligation as long as he has these means and these opportunities in his power, and as long as his country continues in the same want of his services. These obligations then to the public service may become obligations for life on certain persons. No doubt they may; and shall this con-

sideration become a reason for denying or evading them? On the contrary, sure it should become a reason for acknowledging and fulfilling them, with the greatest gratitude to the Supreme Being, who has made us capable of acting so excellent a part, and of the utmost benevolence to mankind. Superior talents, and superior rank amongst our fellow-creatures, whether acquired by birth, or by the course of accidents, and the success of our own industry, are noble prerogatives. Shall he who possesses them repine at the obligation they lay him under, of passing his whole life in the noblest occupation of which human nature is capable? To what higher station, to what greater glory can any mortal aspire, than to be, during the whole course of his life, the support of good, the control of bad government, and the guardian of public liberty? To be driven from hence by successful tyranny, by loss of health or of parts, or by the force of accidents, is to be degraded in such a manner as to deserve pity, and not to incur blame; but to degrade ourselves, to descend voluntarily, and by choice, from the highest to a lower, perhaps to the lowest rank among the sons of Adam; to abandon the government of men for that of hounds and horses, the care of a kingdom for that of a parish, and a scene of great and generous efforts in public life, for one of trifling amusements and low cares, of sloth and of idleness, what is it, my lord<sup>1</sup>? I had rather your lordship should name it than I. Will it be said that it is hard to exact from some men, in favour of others, that they should renounce all the pleasures of life, and drudge all their days in business, that others may indulge themselves in ease? It will be said without grounds. A life dedicated to the

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lyttelton.

service of our country admits the full use, and no life should admit the abuse, of pleasures ; the least are consistent with a constant discharge of our public duty, the greatest arise from it.

H. SAINT-JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE,  
*On the Spirit of Patriotism.* 1786.

1678-1751.

### THE EDUCATION OF A PATRIOT

I SHALL detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct ye to a hill-side, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education ; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. . . . I call therefore a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. . . . But here the main skill and groundwork will be, to temper them such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue ; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. That they may despise and scorn all their childish and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly and liberal exercises, which he who hath the art and proper eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual persuasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage, infusing into

their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardour, as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men.

J. MILTON, *Of Education*. 1644.

1608-74.

### THE SCHOOLS OF PATRIOTISM

*North*. James, the Campus Martius and the Palaestra——

*Shepherd*. Sir ?

*North*. ——where the youth exercised Heroic Games, were the Schools of their Virtue; for there they were taking part in the passions, the power, the life, the glory that flowed through all the spirit of the nation.

*Shepherd*. O' them, sir, the ggems at St. Ronan's are, but on a sma' scale, an imperfect eemage.

*North*. Old warriors and gowned statesmen, that frowned in marble or in brass, in public places, and in the porches of noble houses, trophied monuments, and towers riven with the scars of ancient battles—the Temple raised where Jove had stayed the Flight—or the Victory whose expanded wings still seemed to hover over the conquering hands—what were all these to the eyes and the fancy of the young citizen, but characters speaking to him of the great secret of his Hopes and Desires—in which he read the union of his own heart to the heart of the Heroic Nation of which he was One ?

*Shepherd*. My bluid's tinglin and my skin creeps. Dinna stap.

*North*. And what, James, I ask you, what if less noble passions must hereafter take their place in his mind ?—what if he must learn to share in the feuds and hates of his house or of his order ? Those

far deeper and greater feelings had been sunk into his spirit in the years when it is most susceptible, unsullied, and pure, and afterwards in great contests, in peril of life and death, in those moments of agitation or profound emotion in which the higher soul again rises up, all those high and solemn affections of boyhood and youth would return upon him, and consecrate his warlike deeds with the noblest name of virtue that was known to those ancient states.

*Shepherd.* What was 't ? Eh ?

*North.* Patriotism.

*Shepherd.* Ou ay. Say on, sir.

*North.* Therefore how was the Oaken Crown prized which was given to him who had saved the life of a citizen !

*Shepherd.* And amang a people too, sir, whare every man was willin at a word to die.

*North.* Perhaps, James, he loved not the man whom he had preserved ; but he had remembered in the battle that it was a son of his country that had fallen, and over whom he had spread his shield. He knew that the breath he guarded was part of his country's being.

*Shepherd.* Mr. Tickler, saw ye ever sic een ?

*North.* Look at the simple incitements to valour in the songs of that poet who is said to have roused the Lacedemonians, disheartened in unsuccessful war, and to have animated them to victory. 'He who fights well among the foremost, if he fall shall be sung among his people ; or if he live, shall be in reverence in their council ; and old men shall give place to him ; his tomb shall be in honour, and the children of his children.'

*Shepherd.* Simple incitement, indeed, sir, but as you said richtly, shooblime.

JOHN WILSON, *Noctes Ambrosianae*. 1835.  
1785-1854.



## SUBMISSION TO THE STATE

### THE PATRIOTISM OF SOCRATES

HAS a philosopher like you <sup>1</sup> failed to discover that our country is more to be valued and higher and holier far than mother or father or any ancestor, and more to be regarded in the eyes of the gods and of men of understanding? also to be soothed, and gently and reverently entreated when angry, even more than a father, and either to be persuaded, or if not persuaded, to be obeyed? And when we are punished by her, whether with imprisonment or stripes, the punishment is to be endured in silence; and if she lead us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow as is right; neither may any one yield or retreat or leave his rank, but whether in battle or in a court of law, or in any other place, he must do what his city and his country order him; or he must change their view of what is just: and if he may do no violence to his father or mother, much less may he do violence to his country.

PLATO, *Crito* (Jowett's translation).

427-347 B.C.

### SUBMISSION TO THE STATE

To ask why I am to submit to the power of the state, is to ask why I am to allow my life to be regulated by that complex of institutions without which

<sup>1</sup> Socrates is imagining that the Laws are arguing with himself, as to his right to evade the sentence of execution passed upon him.

I literally should not have a life to call my own, nor should be able to ask for a justification of what I am called on to do. For that I may have a life which I can call my own, I must not only be conscious of myself and of ends which I present to myself as mine ; I must be able to reckon on a certain freedom of action and acquisition for the attainment of those ends, and this can only be secured through common recognition of this freedom on the part of each other by members of a society, as being for a common good. Without this, the very consciousness of having ends of his own and a life which he can direct in a certain way, a life of which he can make something, would remain dormant in a man.

T. H. GREEN, *The Principles of Political Obligation*. 1879-80 (published posthumously, 1886).

1836-82.

#### PUBLIC INTEREST

ALL might go well in the commonwealth, if every one in the parliament would lay down his own interest, and aim at the general good. If a man were sick, and the whole college of physicians should come to him, and administer severally, haply so long as they observed the rules of art, he might recover ; but if one of them had a great deal of scamony by him, he must put off that, therefore he prescribes scamony ; another had a great deal of rhubarb, and he must put off that, and therefore he prescribes rhubarb, &c., they would certainly kill the man. We destroy the commonwealth, while we preserve our own private interest, and neglect the public.

JOHN SELDEN, *Table Talk*. 1689.

1584-1654.

## SOCIETY A CONTRACT

SOCIETY is indeed a contract. Subordinate contracts for objects of mere occasional interest may be dissolved at pleasure—but the state ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primaeval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place.

EDMUND BURKE, *Reflections on the  
Revolution in France.* 1790.

## **'OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG'**

### **A DISCUSSION**

In what sense these words may be used.

OUR country ! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right ; but our country, right or wrong.

Commodore STEPHEN DECATUR. Toast given  
at Norfolk, U.S.A., April 1816.

1779-1820.

THE REV. HOMER WILBUR COMMENTS ON 'THAT  
PERNICIOUS SENTIMENT',—'OUR COUNTRY,  
RIGHT OR WRONG'

It is an abuse of language to call a certain portion of land, much more, certain personages, elevated for the time being to high station, our country. I would not sever nor loosen a single one of those ties by which we are united to the spot of our birth, nor diminish by a tittle the respect due to the Magistrate. I love our own Bay State too well to do the one, and as for the other, I have myself for nigh forty years exercised, however unworthily, the function of Justice of the Peace, having been called thereto by the unsolicited kindness of that most excellent man and upright patriot, Caleb Strong. *Patriae fumus igne alieno luculentior* is best qualified with this,—*Ubi libertas, ibi patria*. We are inhabitants of two worlds, and owe a double,

but not a divided allegiance. In virtue of our clay, this little ball of earth exacts a certain loyalty of us, while, in our capacity as spirits, we are admitted citizens of an invisible and holier fatherland. There is a patriotism of the soul whose claim absolves us from our other and terrene fealty. Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organizations are but far-off approaches to so fair a model, and all they are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert them from this their original intendment. When, therefore, one would have us to fling up our caps and shout with the multitude—' *Our country, however bounded!* ' he demands of us that we sacrifice the larger to the less, the higher to the lower, and that we yield to the imaginary claims of a few acres of soil our duty and privilege as liegemen of Truth. Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's-breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi noverca*. That is a hard choice when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points us to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarius and Ulysses. Veiling our faces, we must take silently the hand of Duty to follow her.

J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers*. 1848.

1819-91.

RIGHT IS SUPERIOR TO AUTHORITY

THAT sense of duty which is supplied by race is not entirely separated from its selfish and instinctive basis; and the love of country, like married love, stands at the same time on a material and a moral foundation. The patriot must distinguish between the two causes or objects of his devotion. The attachment which is given only to the country is like obedience given only to the state—a submission to physical influences. The man who prefers his country before every other duty shows the same spirit as the man who surrenders every right to the state. They both deny that right is superior to authority. There is a moral and political country, in the language of Burke, distinct from the geographical, which may possibly be in collision with it. The Frenchmen who bore arms against the Convention were as patriotic as the Englishmen who bore arms against King Charles; for they recognized a higher duty than that of obedience to the actual sovereign.

LORD ACTON, *Nationality*. 1862.  
1884–1902.

LOVE IS DRAWN TO TRUTH

‘My country, right or wrong,’ is a thing that no patriot would think of saying except in a desperate case. It is like saying, ‘My mother, drunk or sober.’ No doubt if a decent man’s mother took to drink he would share her troubles to the last; but to talk as if he would be in a state of gay indifference as to whether his mother took to drink or not is certainly not the language of men who know the great mystery.

What we really need for the frustration and overthrow of a deaf and raucous Jingoism is a renaissance of the love of the native land. When that comes, all shrill cries will cease suddenly. For the first of all the marks of love is seriousness: love will not accept sham bulletins or the empty victory of words. It will always esteem the most candid counsellor the best. Love is drawn to truth by the unerring magnetism of agony; it gives no pleasure to the lover to see ten doctors dancing with vociferous optimism round a death-bed.

G. K. CHESTERTON, *The Defendant*. 1901.

# PATRIOTISM AND POLITICS

## PARTY AND PATRIOTISM

### I

THAT connexion and faction are equivalent terms, is an opinion which has been carefully inculcated at all times by unconstitutional statesmen. The reason is evident. Whilst men are linked together, they easily and speedily communicate the alarm of any evil design. They are enabled to fathom it with common counsel, and to oppose it with united strength. Whereas, when they lie dispersed, without concert, order, or discipline, communication is uncertain, counsel difficult, and resistance impracticable. Where men are not acquainted with each other's principles, nor experienced in each other's talents, nor at all practised in their mutual habitudes and dispositions by joint efforts in business; no personal confidence, no friendship, no common interest, subsisting among them; it is evidently impossible that they can act a public part with uniformity, perseverance, or efficacy. In a connexion, the most inconsiderable man, by adding to the weight of the whole, has his value, and his use; out of it, the greatest talents are wholly unserviceable to the public. No man, who is not inflamed by vain-glory into enthusiasm, can flatter himself that his single, unsupported, desultory, unsystematic endeavours are of power to defeat the subtle designs and united cabals of ambitious citizens. When bad men combine, the good must



associate ; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

It is not enough in a situation of trust in the commonwealth, that a man means well to his country ; it is not enough that in his single person he never did an evil act, but always voted according to his conscience, and even harangued against every design which he apprehended to be prejudicial to the interests of his country. This innoxious and ineffectual character, that seems formed upon a plan of apology and disculpation, falls miserably short of the mark of public duty. That duty demands and requires, that what is right should not only be made known, but made prevalent ; that what is evil should not only be detected, but defeated. When the public man omits to put himself in a situation of doing his duty with effect, it is an omission that frustrates the purposes of his trust almost as much as if he had formally betrayed it. It is surely no very rational account of a man's life, that he has always acted right ; but has taken special care, to act in such a manner that his endeavours could not possibly be productive of any consequence.

I do not wonder that the behaviour of many parties should have made persons of tender and scrupulous virtue somewhat out of humour with all sorts of connexion in politics. I admit that people frequently acquire in such confederacies a narrow, bigoted, and præscriptive spirit ; that they are apt to sink the idea of the general good in this circumscribed and partial interest. But, where duty renders a critical situation a necessary one, it is our business to keep free from the evils attendant upon it ; and not to fly from the situation itself. If a fortress is seated in an unwholesome

air, an officer of the garrison is obliged to be attentive to his health, but he must not desert his station. Every profession, not excepting the glorious one of a soldier, or the sacred one of a priest, is liable to its own particular vices ; which, however, form no argument against those ways of life ; nor are the vices themselves inevitable to every individual in those professions. Of such a nature are connexions in politics ; essentially necessary for the full performance of our public duty, accidentally liable to degenerate into faction. Commonwealths are made of families, free commonwealths of parties also ; and we may as well affirm, that our natural regards and ties of blood tend inevitably to make men bad citizens, as that the bonds of our party weaken those by which we are held to our country.

Some legislators went so far as to make neutrality in party a crime against the state. I do not know whether this might not have been rather to overstrain the principle. Certain it is, the best patriots in the greatest commonwealths have always commended and promoted such connexions. *Idem sentire de republica*, was with them a principal ground of friendship and attachment ; nor do I know any other capable of forming firmer, dearer, more pleasing, more honourable, and more virtuous habitudes. The Romans carried this principle a great way. Even the holding of offices together, the disposition of which arose from chance, not selection, gave rise to a relation which continued for life. It was called *necessitudo sortis* ; and it was looked upon with a sacred reverence. Breaches of any of these kinds of civil relation were considered as acts of the most distinguished turpitude. The whole people was distributed into political societies, in which they acted in support of such interests

in the state as they severally affected. For it was then thought no crime, to endeavour by every honest means to advance to superiority and power those of your own sentiments and opinions. This wise people was far from imagining that those connexions had no tie, and obliged to no duty ; but that men might quit them without shame, upon every call of interest. They believed private honour to be the great foundation of public trust ; that friendship was no mean step towards patriotism ; that he who, in the common intercourse of life, showed he regarded somebody besides himself, when he came to act in a public situation, might probably consult some other interest than his own.

EDMUND BURKE, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*, 1770.

1729-97.

## II

IN order to throw an odium on political connexion, these politicians suppose it a necessary incident to it, that you are blindly to follow the opinions of your party, when in direct opposition to your own clear ideas ; a degree of servitude that no worthy man could bear the thought of submitting to ; and such as, I believe, no connexions (except some court factions) ever could be so senselessly tyrannical as to impose. Men thinking freely, will, in particular instances, think differently. But still, as the greater part of the measures which arise in the course of public business are related to, or dependent on, some great *leading general principles in government*, a man must be peculiarly unfortunate in the choice of his political company if he does not agree with them at least nine times in ten. If he does not

concur in these general principles upon which the party is founded, and which necessarily draw on a concurrence in their application, he ought from the beginning to have chosen some other, more conformable to his opinions. When the question is in its nature doubtful, or not very material, the modesty which becomes an individual, and (in spite of our court moralists) that partiality which becomes a well-chosen friendship, will frequently bring on an acquiescence in the general sentiment. Thus the disagreement will naturally be rare; it will be only enough to indulge freedom, without violating concord, or disturbing arrangement. And this is all that ever was required for a character of the greatest uniformity and steadiness in connexion. How men can proceed without any connexion at all, is to me utterly incomprehensible. Of what sort of materials must that man be made, how must he be tempered and put together, who can sit whole years in parliament, with five hundred and fifty of his fellow citizens, amidst the storm of such tempestuous passions, in the sharp conflict of so many wits, and tempers, and characters, in the agitation of such mighty questions, in the discussion of such vast and ponderous interests, without seeing any one sort of men, whose character, conduct, or disposition, would lead him to associate himself with them, to aid and be aided, in any one system of public utility?

I remember an old scholastic aphorism, which says, 'that the man who lives wholly detached from others, must be either an angel or a devil.' When I see in any of these detached gentlemen of our times the angelic purity, power, and beneficence, I shall admit them to be angels. In the mean time we are born only to be men. We shall do enough if we

form ourselves to be good ones. It is therefore our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth ; so to be patriots, as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities. To have both strong, but both selected : in the one, to be placable ; in the other, immovable. To model our principles to our duties and our situation. To be fully persuaded, that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious ; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame, and without use. Public life is a situation of power and energy ; he trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.

EDMUND BURKE, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*, 1770.

1729-97.

### THE PATRIOT MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

A PATRIOT is he whose public conduct is regulated by one single motive, the love of his country ; who, as an agent in parliament, has for himself neither hope nor fear, neither kindness nor resentment, but refers every thing to the common interest.

That of five hundred men, such as this degenerate age affords, a majority can be found thus virtuously abstracted, who will affirm ? Yet there is no good in despondence : vigilance and activity often effect more than was expected. Let us take a Patriot

where we can meet him ; and that we may not flatter ourselves by false appearances, distinguish those marks which are certain, from those which may deceive : for a man may have the external appearance of a Patriot, without the constituent qualities ; as false coins have often lustre, though they want weight . . .

A Patriot is necessarily and invariably a lover of the people. But even this mark may sometimes deceive us.

The people is a very heterogeneous and confused mass of the wealthy and the poor, the wise and the foolish, the good and the bad. Before we confer on a man, who caresses the people, the title of Patriot, we must examine to what part of the people he directs his notice. It is proverbially said, that he who dissembles his own character, may be known by that of his companions. If the candidate of Patriotism endeavours to infuse right opinions into the higher ranks, and by their influence to regulate the lower ; if he consorts chiefly with the wise, the temperate, the regular and the virtuous ; his love of the people may be urged in his favour. But if his first or principal application be to the indigent, who are always inflammable ; to the weak, who are naturally suspicious ; to the ignorant, who are easily misled ; and to the profligate, who have no hope, but from mischief and confusion ; his love of the people proves little in his favour . . .

A true Patriot is no lavish promiser : he undertakes not to shorten Parliaments ; to repeal laws ; or to change the mode of representation, transmitted by our ancestors : he knows, that futurity is not in his power, and that all times are not alike favourable to change.

Much less does he make a vague and indefinite

promise of obeying the mandates of his constituents. He knows the prejudices of faction, and the inconstancy of the multitude. He would first inquire, how the opinion of his constituents shall be taken. Popular instructions are commonly the work, not of the wise and steady, but the violent and rash; and meetings held for directing representatives are seldom attended, but by the idle and the dissolute; and he is not without suspicion, that of his constituents, as of other numbers of men, the smaller part may often be the wiser.

He considers himself as deputed to promote the public good, and to preserve his constituents, with the rest of his countrymen, not only from being hurt by others, but from hurting themselves.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, *The Patriot*. 1774.

1709-84.

‘ A REMARK OR TWO, FOR THE SERVICE BOTH OF  
WHIG AND TORY ’

CONCORD and union among ourselves is rather to be hoped for as an effect of public spirit than proposed as a means to promote it. Candid, generous men, who are true lovers of their country, can never be enemies to one half of their countrymen, or carry their resentments so far as to ruin the public for the sake of a party. Now I have fallen upon the mention of our parties, I shall beg leave to insert a remark or two, for the service both of Whig and Tory, without entering into their respective merits. First, it is impossible for either party to ruin the other without involving themselves and their posterity in the same ruin. Secondly, it is very feasible for either party to get the better

of the other if they could first get the better of themselves ; and, instead of indulging the little womanish passions of obstinacy, resentment, and revenge, steadily promote the true interest of their country, in those great clear points of piety, industry, sobriety of manners, and an honest regard for posterity, which, all men of sense agree, are essential to public happiness. There would be something so great and good in this conduct as must necessarily overbear all calumny and opposition. But that men should act reasonably is rather to be wished than hoped.

BISHOP BERKELEY, *An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain.* 1721.

1685-1753.

### OUR NATIONAL DIVISIONS

Now the time seems come, wherein Moses the great Prophet may sit in Heaven rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy Elders but all the Lord's people are become Prophets. No marvel then though some men, and some good men too perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest those divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour ; when they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool ! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches ; nor will beware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed



sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude, honest perhaps, though over-timorous, of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me :

First, when a City shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumoured to be marching up even to her walls and suburb trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity, and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular good will, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight and safe government, Lords and Commons ; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the City, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment. Next it is a lively and cheerful pre-sage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to

a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of Truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

J. MILTON, *Areopagitica*. 1644.

1608-74.

### ‘LOOK TO YOUR MOAT’

It may be said now to England, Martha, Martha, thou art busy about many things, but one thing is necessary. To the question, What shall we do to be saved in this world? there is no other answer but this, Look to your moat.

The first article of an Englishman's political creed must be, That he believeth in the sea, &c. Without that there needeth no General Council to pronounce him incapable of salvation here.

We are in an island, confined to it by God Almighty, not as a penalty but a grace, and one of the greatest that can be given to mankind. Happy confinement, that hath made us free, rich, and quiet; a fair portion in this world, and very well

worth the preserving ; a figure that ever hath been envied, and could never be imitated by our neighbours.

G. SAVILE, MARQUIS OF HALIFAX,  
*A Rough Draught of a New Model at Sea.* 1694.  
1688-95.

#### THE PATRIOT AS CITIZEN AND POLITICIAN

THE love of our country seems, in ordinary cases, to involve in it two different principles ; first, a certain respect and reverence for that constitution or form of government which is actually established ; and secondly, an earnest desire to render the condition of our fellow-citizens as safe, respectable, and happy as we can. He is not a citizen who is not disposed to respect the laws and to obey the civil magistrate ; and he is certainly not a good citizen who does not wish to promote, by every means in his power, the welfare of the whole society of his fellow-citizens. . . .

The man whose public spirit is prompted altogether by humanity and benevolence, will respect the established powers and privileges even of individuals, and still more those of the great orders and societies, into which the state is divided. Though he should consider some of them as in some measure abusive, he will content himself with moderating, what he often cannot annihilate without great violence. When he cannot conquer the rooted prejudices of the people by reason and persuasion, he will not attempt to subdue them by force ; but will religiously observe what, by Cicero, is justly called the divine maxim of Plato, never to use violence to his country no more than to his parents. He will accommodate, as well as he can, his public

arrangements to the confirmed habits and prejudices of the people ; and will remedy, as well as he can, the inconveniences which may flow from the want of those regulations which the people are averse to submit to. When he cannot establish the right, he will not disdain to ameliorate the wrong ; but like Solon, when he cannot establish the best system of laws, he will endeavour to establish the best that the people can bear.

ADAM SMITH, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*. 1759.

1728-90. .

#### THE IMPATIENT AND THE SELFISH PATRIOT

AMONGST the virtues of the good Citizen are those of fortitude and patience ; and, when he has to carry on his struggle against corruptions deep and widely-rooted, he is not to expect the baleful tree to come down at a single blow ; he must patiently remove the earth that props and feeds it, and sever the accursed roots one by one.

Impatience here is a very bad sign. I do not like your patriots, who, because the tree does not give way at once, fall to blaming all about them, accuse their fellow-sufferers of cowardice, because they do not do that which they themselves dare not think of doing. Such conduct argues chagrin and disappointment ; and these argue a selfish feeling : they argue, that there has been more of private ambition and gain at work than of public good. Such blamers, such general accusers, are always to be suspected. What does the real patriot want more than to feel conscious that he has done his duty towards his country ; and that, if life should not allow him time to see his endeavours crowned with success, his

children will see it ? The impatient patriots are like the young men (mentioned in the beautiful fable of La Fontaine) who ridiculed the man of fourscore, who was planting an avenue of very small trees, which, they told him, he never could expect to see as high as his head. ' Well ', said he, ' and what of that ? If their shade afford me no pleasure, it may afford pleasure to my children, and even to you ; and, therefore, the planting of them gives me pleasure.'

It is the want of the noble disinterestedness, so beautifully expressed in this fable, that produces the impatient patriots. They wish very well to their country, because they want some of the good for themselves. Very natural that all men should wish to see the good arrive, and wish to share in it too ; but, we must look on the dark side of nature to find the disposition to cast blame on the whole community because our wishes are not instantly accomplished, and especially to cast blame on others for not doing that which we ourselves dare not attempt. There is, however, a sort of patriot a great deal worse than this ; he who, having failed himself, would see his country enslaved for ever, rather than see its deliverance achieved by others. His failure has, perhaps, arisen solely from his want of talent, or discretion ; yet his selfish heart would wish his country sunk in everlasting degradation, lest his inefficiency for the task should be established by the success of others. A very hateful character, certainly, but, I am sorry to say, by no means rare. Envy, always associated with meanness of soul, always detestable, is never so detestable as when it shows itself here.

W. COBBETT, *Advice to Young Men*. 1829.  
1762-1835.

## THE MIND OF THE NATION

THE instincts of natural and social man ; the deeper emotions ; the simpler feelings ; the spacious range of the disinterested imagination ; the pride in country for country's sake, when to serve has not been a formal profession—and the mind is therefore left in a state of dignity only to be surpassed by having served nobly and generously ; the instantaneous accomplishment in which they start up who, upon a searching call, stir for the land which they love—not from personal motives, but for a reward which is undefined and cannot be missed ; the solemn fraternity which a great nation composes—gathered together, in a stormy season, under the shade of ancestral feeling ; the delicacy of moral honour which pervades the minds of a people, when despair has been suddenly thrown off and expectations are lofty ; the apprehensiveness to a touch unkindly or irreverent, where sympathy is at once exacted as a tribute and welcomed as a gift ; the power of injustice and inordinate calamity to transmute, to invigorate, and to govern—to sweep away the barriers of opinion—to reduce under submission passions purely evil—to exalt the nature of indifferent qualities, and to render them fit companions for the absolute virtues with which they are summoned to associate—to consecrate passions which, if not bad in themselves, are of such temper that, in the calm of ordinary life, they are rightly deemed so—to correct and embody these passions—and, without weakening them (nay, with tenfold addition to their strength), to make them worthy of taking their place as the advanced guard of hope, when a sublime movement of deliverance is to be originated ;—these arrange-

ments and resources of nature, these ways and means of society, have so little connexion with those others upon which a ruling minister of a long-established government is accustomed to depend; these—elements as it were of a universe, functions of a living body—are so opposite, in their mode of action, to the formal machine which it has been his pride to manage;—that he has but a faint perception of their immediate efficacy; knows not the facility with which they assimilate with other powers; nor the property by which such of them—as, from necessity of nature, must change or pass away—will, under wise and fearless management, surely generate lawful successors to fill their place when their appropriate work is performed.

W. WORDSWORTH, *The Convention of Cintra.* 1809.

1770–1850.

### PASSION AND POLITICS

(In a review of Landor's letters.)

To few of us, let human charity believe, does it befall to be obliged to say, 'I am an unhappy man'. 'I am unhappy' is the confession of all human-kind when the hour comes. But 'I am an unhappy man, I am an unhappy woman,'—far from the lips of any living be such a whisper at night, which perhaps has hardly been uttered by day. It is under the conviction of the solemnity of this word that a lover of Italy to-day [1899] dares to call her an unhappy country.

And for this event Landor, owning as he did the debt of a man to mankind, and formed by genius to be upon the level of all those charges, has to answer, with those who partook with him.

He and they consented strangely to that unlucky tradition whereby a political question has ever hitherto been abandoned to excitement and the *parti pris*. These letters are full of the eloquence, the invective, and the generosity of a prejudice. A hundred times do they prove it by their injustices. The Legislature of speeches may have done a woeful work in preventing the legislature of thought, and Landor declaimed in print.

‘More brain, O Lord!’ Has that profound necessity been confessed in the name of passion itself, and yet is it hardly avowed on behalf of national affairs? It seems to me that the destiny of nations has yet to be decided with a logical and a reluctant pen, in silence, or closely, in a whisper.

ALICE MEYNELL, *Pall Mall Gazette*,  
February 1, 1899.



## WARNING VOICES

and a Tin Trumpet

### 'THE LAST REFUGE OF A SCOUNDREL'

PATRIOTISM having become one of our topics, Johnson suddenly uttered, in a strong determined tone, an apophthegm, at which many will start: 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.' But let it be considered, that he did not mean a real and generous love of our country, but that pretended patriotism which so many, in all ages and countries, have made a cloak for self-interest. I maintained, that certainly all patriots were not scoundrels. Being urged, (not by Johnson) to name one exception, I mentioned an eminent person, whom we all greatly admired. JOHNSON: 'Sir, I do not say that he is *not* honest; but we have no reason to conclude from his political conduct that he *is* honest. Were he to accept of a place from this ministry, he would lose that character of firmness which he has, and might be turned out of his place in a year. This ministry is neither stable, nor grateful to their friends, as Sir Robert Walpole was, so that he may think it more for his interest to take his chance of his party coming in.'

J. BOSWELL, *Life of Samuel Johnson*,  
April 7, 1775.

MAXIMS CONCERNING PATRIOTISM<sup>1</sup>

1. EVERY man, by consulting his own heart, may easily know whether he is or is not a patriot. But it is not so easy for the bystanders.

2. Being loud and vehement either against a court, or for a court, is no proof of patriotism.

3. A man whose passion for money runs high bids fair for being no patriot. And he likewise whose appetite is keen for power.

4. A native than a foreigner, a married man than a bachelor, a believer than an infidel, has a better chance for being a patriot.

5. It is impossible an epicure should be a patriot.

6. It is impossible a man who cheats at cards, or cogs the dice, should be a patriot.

7. It is impossible a man who is false to his friends and neighbours should be true to the public.

8. Every knave is a thorough knave. And a thorough knave is a knave throughout.

9. A man who hath no sense of God or conscience ; would you make such a one guardian to your child ? If not, why guardian to the State ?

10. A sot, a beast, benumbed and stupefied by excess, is good for nothing, much less to make a patriot of.

11. A fop or man of pleasure makes but a scurvy patriot.

12. A sullen, churlish man, who loves nobody, will hardly love his country.

13. The love of praise and esteem may do something : but to make a true patriot there must be an inward sense of duty and conscience.

<sup>1</sup> Berkeley was a patriot—not a *Pat-riot*, as we are told he used to style his 'bawling' countrymen.—A. C. FRASER.

14. Honesty (like other things) grows from its proper seed, good principles early laid in the mind.

15. To be a real patriot, a man must consider his countrymen as God's creatures, and himself as accountable for his acting towards them.

16. If *pro aris et focis* be the life of patriotism, he who hath no religion or no home makes a bad patriot.

17. I have no opinion of your bumper patriots. Some eat, some drink, some quarrel, for their country. MODERN PATRIOTISM !

18. Ibycus is a carking, griping, closefisted fellow. It is odds that Ibycus is not a patriot.

19. We are not to think every clamorous haranguer, or every splenetic repiner against a court, is therefore a patriot.

20. A patriot is one who heartily wisheth the public prosperity, and doth not only wish, but also study and endeavour to promote it.

21. Gamesters, fops, rakes, bullies, stockjobbers : alas ! what patriots !

22. Some writers have thought it impossible that men should be brought to laugh at public spirit. Yet this hath been done in the present merry age.

23. The patriot aims at his private good in the public. The knave makes the public subservient to his private interest. The former considers himself as part of a whole, the latter considers himself as the whole.

24. There is and ever will be a natural strife between court and country. The one will get as much, and the other give as little as it can. How must the patriot behave himself ?

25. He gives the necessary. If he gives more, it is with a view of gaining more to his country.

26. A patriot will never barter the public money for his private gain.

27. Moral evil is never to be committed ; physical evil may be incurred, either to avoid a greater evil, or to procure a good.

28. Where the heart is right, there is true patriotism.

29. In your man of business, it is easier to meet with a good head than a good heart.

30. A patriot will admit there may be honest men, and that honest men may differ.

31. He that always blames, or always praises, is no patriot.

32. Were all sweet and sneaking courtiers, or were all snarling sour malecontents ; in either case the public would thrive but ill.

33. A patriot would hardly wish there was no contrast in the State.

34. Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.

35. A man rages, rails, and raves ; I suspect his patriotism.

36. The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing, each his own interest.

37. A patriot will esteem no man for being of his party.

38. The factious man is apt to mistake himself for a patriot.

BISHOP BERKELEY. 1750.

1685-1753.

## PATRIOTISM IN PEACE-TIME

THE love of mankind, no doubt, needs to be particularized in order to have any power over life and action. Just as there can be no true friendship except towards this or that individual, so there can be no true public spirit which is not localized in

some way. The man whose desire to serve his kind is not centred primarily in some home, radiating from it to a commune, a municipality, and a nation, presumably has no effectual desire to serve his kind at all. But there is no reason why this localized or nationalized philanthropy should take the form of a jealousy of other nations or a desire to fight them, personally or by proxy. Those in whom it is strongest are every day expressing it in good works which benefit their fellow-citizens without interfering with the men of other nations. Those who from time to time talk of the need of a great war to bring unselfish impulses into play, give us reason to suspect that they are too selfish themselves to recognize the unselfish activity that is going on all round them. Till all the methods have been exhausted by which nature can be brought into the service of man, till society is so organized that every one's capacities have free scope for their development, there is no need to resort to war for a field in which patriotism may display itself.

T. H. GREEN, *The Principles of Political Obligation*. 1879-80 (published posthumously, 1886).

1886-82.

### A SELFISH PATRIOTISM

THESE distinctions between race and race, like those between individuals, involve a duty which men have been unhappily very unwilling to practise. They who are most favoured by nature owe their best assistance to those whose lot is most unpromising; they who have advanced the furthest in civilization, are bound to enlighten others whose

progress has been less rapid. But here that feeling of pride and selfishness interposes, which, under the name of patriotism, has so long tried to pass itself off for a virtue. As men in proportion to their moral advancement learn to enlarge the circle of their regards; as an exclusive affection for our relations, our clan, or our country, is a sure mark of an unimproved mind, so is that narrow and unchristian feeling to be condemned, which regards with jealousy the progress of foreign nations, and cares for no portion of the human race but that to which itself belongs. The detestable encouragement so long given to national enmities, the low gratification felt by every people in extolling themselves above their neighbours, should not be overlooked amongst the causes which have mainly obstructed the improvement of mankind. Exclusive patriotism should be cast off, together with the exclusive ascendancy of birth, as belonging to the follies and selfishness of our uncultivated nature. Yet, strange to say, the former at least is sometimes upheld by men who not only call themselves Christians, but are apt to use the charge of irreligion as the readiest weapon against those who differ from them. So little have they learned of the spirit of that revelation, which taught emphatically the abolition of an exclusively national religion and a local worship, that so men, being all born of the same blood, might make their sympathies coextensive with their bond of universal brotherhood.

THOMAS ARNOLD, *On the Social Progress of States.* 1830.

1795-1842.

## NATIONAL PREJUDICES

IN one of these my late rambles, I accidentally fell into the company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair; the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the Germans were drunken sots, and beastly 'gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly tyrants: but that, in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the other world.

This very *learned* and *judicious* remark was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company—all, I mean, but your Humble Servant; who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping, by this means, to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

But my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me

escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company ; for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable ; so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him, that for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain, unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of these several nations with great care and accuracy : that, perhaps, a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm, that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate, than the English ; who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong, and impetuous ; too apt to be elated with prosperity, and to despond in adversity.

I could easily perceive, that all the company began to regard me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer, which I had no sooner done, than the patriotic gentleman observed, with a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprised how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government to which in their hearts they were inveterate enemies. Finding that, by this modest declaration of my sentiments, I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principles



in question, and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men who were so very full of themselves, I threw down my reckoning, and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession. . . .

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners ; but the misfortune is, that they infect the minds, and influence the conduct, even of our gentlemen ; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristical mark of a gentleman ; for let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet if he is not free from national and all other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And, in fact, you will always find, that those are most apt to boast of national merit, who have little or no merit of their own to depend on ; than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural : the slender vine twists around the sturdy oak for no other reason in the world, but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself.

Should it be alleged in defence of national prejudice, that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter, I answer, that this is a gross fallacy and delusion. That it is the growth of love to our country, I will allow ; but that it is the natural and necessary growth of it, I absolutely deny. Superstition and

enthusiasm too are the growth of religion ; but who ever took it in his head to affirm, that they are the necessary growth of this noble principle ? They are, if you will, the bastard sprouts of this heavenly plant, but not its natural and genuine branches, and may safely enough be lopped off, without doing any harm to the parent stock : nay, perhaps, till once they are lopped off, this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigour.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries ? that I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution, in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltroons ? Most certainly it is ; and if it were not—But why need I suppose what is absolutely impossible ?—But if it were not, I must own I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, *viz.* a Citizen of the World, to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, an European, or to any other appellation whatever.

O. GOLDSMITH, *Essays* (posthumous edition), 1798.

1728–74.

#### ‘ WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR ? ’

I do not—and in all truth and deliberateness I say this—I do not know anything more ludicrous among the self-deceptions of well-meaning people than their notion of patriotism, as requiring them to limit their efforts to the good of their own country ; —the notion that charity is a geographical virtue, and that what it is holy and righteous to do for people on one bank of a river, it is quite improper

and unnatural to do for people on the other. It will be a wonderful thing, some day or other, for the Christian world to remember, that it went on thinking for two thousand years that neighbours were neighbours at Jerusalem, but not at Jericho ; a wonderful thing for us English to reflect, in after-years, how long it was before we could shake hands with anybody across that shallow salt wash, which the very chalk-dust of its two shores whitens from Folkestone to Ambletuse.

J. RUSKIN, *Political Economy of Art.* 1857.

1819-1900.

#### THE NECESSARY LIMITS OF PATRIOTISM

IN Rome religion degenerated into allegiance to the state. In Greece, as it has been truly said, it ended in taste. In Rome it closed with the worship of the emperor. Nothing shows the contrast between Greek and Roman feeling more strongly than this. In Greece the poet became the prophet, and the artist was the man divinely inspired. In Rome the deification of the emperor, as the symbol of Government, was the point towards which, unsuspectedly, but by a sure and inevitable consecutiveness, the national feeling for ages had been tending.

And the distinction between the Christian and the Roman tone of feeling is no less strikingly contrasted in the very same allegiance. Sacrament perhaps is the highest word of symbolical life in both. It is a Roman word. In Rome it meant an oath of allegiance to the senate and Roman people. Nothing higher the Roman knew. In the Christian Church it is also the oath of highest fidelity ; but

its import there is this : ‘ Here we offer and present unto thee, *O Lord*, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a lively sacrifice.’

F. W. ROBERTSON, *Sermons*, 1855 (Second Advent Lecture, 1849).

1816-58.

‘ OUR CITIZENSHIP IS IN HEAVEN ’

. HE [the man of understanding] will gladly accept and enjoy such honours as he deems likely to make him a better man ; but those, whether private or public, which are likely to disorder his life, he will avoid.

Then, if that is his motive, he will not be a statesman.

By the dog of Egypt, he will ! in the city which is his own he certainly will, though in the land of his birth perhaps not, unless he have a divine call.

I understand ; you mean that he will be a ruler in the city of which we are the founders, and which exists in idea only ; for I do not believe that there is such a one anywhere on earth ?

In heaven, I replied, there is laid up a pattern of it, methinks, which he who desires may behold, and beholding, may set his own house in order.<sup>1</sup> But whether such a one exists, or ever will exist in fact, is no matter ; for he will live after the manner of that city, having nothing to do with any other.

I think so, he said.

PLATO, *The Republic*, Book IX  
(Jowett's translation).

427-347 B. C.

<sup>1</sup> Or ‘ take up his abode there ’.

## A TIN TRUMPET

**PATRIOTISM**—Too often the hatred of other countries disguised as the love of our own; a fanaticism injurious to the character, and fatal to the repose of mankind. In the subjects of small states, it is more especially odious, for they must hate nearly the whole of their fellow-creatures. Were the world under the domination of one monarch, patriotism would be a virtue. Let us view it as under the government of one celestial king! let us consider the children of our common Father, whatever be their creed or country, as our brethren, and the narrow feeling of patriotism will soon expand into the nobler and more exalted principle of an all-embracing humanism. Most delightful is it to contemplate the friendly intercourse now in active operation between the people of different countries, and more especially between those of France and England. There is rapidly springing up a holy alliance of nations, not of kings, and an European public opinion, from which the philanthropist may confidently anticipate the controlling of governments, the diminished frequency of wars, the improvement of the human race, and the completion of what a benevolent Providence has designed for the destiny of man.

Public opinion, when it has once ascertained its own power, will direct, while it seems to obey; as a vessel, while it appears to be governed by the elements, is, in fact, compelling them to conduct her into the desired port.

HORACE SMITH, *The Tin Trumpet*. 1836.

## PATRIOTISM AND THE SOLDIER

### THE ROMAN SOLDIER

THE history of the Cacsars presents to us a constant succession of brave, patient, resolute, and faithful soldiers, men deeply impressed with a sense of duty, superior to vanity, despisers of boasting, content to toil in obscurity and shed their blood at the frontiers of the empire, unrepining at the cold mistrust of their masters, not clamorous for the honours so sparingly awarded them, but satisfied in the daily work of their hands, and full of faith in the national destiny which they were daily accomplishing. If such humble instruments of society around them are not to be compared for the importance of their mission with the votaries of speculative wisdom, who protested in their lives and in their deaths against the crimes of their generation, there is still something touching in the simple heroism of these chiefs of the legions, of which we have met already with some bright examples, and shall encounter many more,—the heroism of a Plautius, a Suetonius, a Vespasian, a Corbulo, and an Agricola,—which preserves to us in unbroken succession the features of the Scipios, the Catos, the Æmilii, and the Marcelli. Here are virtues, not to be named, indeed, with the zeal of missionaries and the devotion of martyrs, but worthy nevertheless of a high place in the esteem of all who reverence human nature, which may prove, in the teeth of

some thoughtless fanatics, that the age was not utterly degraded which furnished the first votaries to the Gospel.

C. MERIVALE, *History of the Romans under the Empire*, vol. vi, 1865.

1808-93.

### THE POWER OF DISCIPLINE

(A Burmese on the English.)

It is not only that when you get an order, you obey it, though it come from so very far away—that is wonderful enough to us—but you obey it willingly. You act as if it was something you wanted to do yourself, something you thought of in yourself for your own advantage. You understand not only what the order says but what it means, almost as if you yourself had said it. You are not servants who obey orders, you are as the hand or foot that acts as the brain designs. You live here widely separated, many thousand miles from your small island, but yet you are not divided from it. You are all held together by nerves in the invisible air that make you one. Therefore your Government is you, not your master, your teacher, your commander, but yourself. You feel as we do about our family and our village, that it is ourselves. That is what we notice and wonder at in you. When we see two or three Englishmen alone governing a great district, you appear to us not individuals but tiny finger-tips of a great living thing whose heart and brain are far away. Yet if the finger-tip be touched the whole responds. And what one of you does, that is the act of the whole.

H. FIELDING HALL, *The Inward Light*. 1908.  
1859—

## ‘DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI’

I THINK if, instead of *Minor Tactics* or books on art of war, we were to make our young officers study Plutarch's *Lives*, it would be better; there we see men (unsupported by any true belief, pure pagans), making, *as a matter of course*, their lives a sacrifice, but in our days it is the highest merit not to run away. I speak for myself when I say I have been in dire anxiety, not for my own skin, but because I hate to be beaten, and I hate to see my schemes fail; but that I have had to undergo a tithe of what any nurse has to undergo, who is attached to a querulous invalid, is absurd, and not to be weighed together. When I emerge all are complimentary; when the invalid dies the question is, what should be given to the nurse for her services. We profess to be followers of our Lord, who, from His birth, when He was hunted, till His death, may be said to have had no sympathy or kindness shown Him, yet we (and I say myself especially) cry out if we are placed in any position of suffering, whereas it is our *métier*, if we are Christians, to undergo such suffering.

C. G. GORDON, *Kartoum Journal*,  
September 13, 1884.

1883-85.

## ‘C'EST SON MÉTIER’

As long as England keeps giving rewards on the scale she does to men whose sole profession and duty it is *mourir pour la patrie*, so long shall we have theatrical displays. A soldier's *raison d'être* is



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simply to give his life. It can be nothing else for which his country pays him. Why then give him high rewards for doing so ?

C. G. GORDON, *Letters to his Sister*  
(June 24, 1881).

1883-85.

‘WHEN YE SHALL HAVE DONE ALL THOSE THINGS  
WHICH ARE COMMANDED YOU, SAY, WE ARE  
UNPROFITABLE SERVANTS’ .

SOME accounts in the *Gazette*, describing reasons for giving the Victoria Cross, are really astounding, such as a man who, with another, was sent out on a reconnaissance, this other was wounded, and his companion waited for him, and took him on his horse, saving his life ! What would we have said, had he left his companion ? ‘Lots of these cases pass by unheeded, which, if read by Plutarch’s *Lives*, would be simply a man’s duty. A soldier is bound entirely to his work as a soldier, he can never do more than his duty, and his *métier* is the Field ; therefore he deserves nothing, for he is already paid for that *métier*, and not for garrison or home life. The original idea of the Victoria Cross was to give the subaltern officers, non-commissioned officers, and men a decoration, which would take the place of the Bath, to ranks below that of Major, which by the statutes of the Bath could not be done ; then came the mistake to give the Victoria Cross for deeds of *éclat*, and so now it is. I like that old Iron Duke with his fearful temper : he told a friend of my father, who was bewailing his long and meritorious service, ‘That he ought to be — glad the country had kept him

so long.' I wish Wolseley would take up this line, and get some quixotic chivalry into us: that it is possible I feel sure, for we are the same men as before. In three campaigns, out of four of late years, no officer or soldier has gone through such privations or dangers, as are gone through by our naval officers and sailors in gunboats, in various parts of the world, yet these latter would be scoffed at if they pleaded these privations, in order to get reward. A man defends a post, if he loses it his throat is cut; why give him a Victoria Cross? and if given, why not give it to all who were with him? they equally with him defended their throats . . .

'You must remember', says England, 'that when you entered my service, I bought you, as far as your body was concerned, giving you at first 5s. 3d. per diem, when no one else would have given you 1s., giving you also a beautiful plumage and the *entrée partout*. You have advanced now to higher pay, but on *same terms* (your whole life and body). You can never say you have done *more* than your duty. If you do not do it you break your word, and if you do it you merely fulfil your contract, and have no *claim* on me.'

C. G. GORDON, *Kartoum Journals*,  
- September 20 and October 15, 1884.

1833-85.

### AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG SOLDIERS

FIRST, then, by industry you must fulfil your vow to your country; but all industry and earnestness will be useless unless they are consecrated by your resolution to be in all things men of honour; not honour in the common sense only, but in the highest. Rest on the force of the two main words

## 210. PATRIOTISM AND THE SOLDIER

in the great verse, '*integer vitae, scelerisque purus.*' You have vowed your life to England; give it her wholly;—a bright, stainless, perfect life—a knightly life. Because you have to fight with machines instead of lances, there may be a necessity for more ghastly danger, but there is none for less worthiness of character, than in olden time. You may be true knights yet, though perhaps not *equites*; you may have to call yourselves 'cannonry' instead of 'chivalry', but that is no reason why you should not call yourselves true men. So the first thing you have to see to in becoming soldiers is that you make yourselves wholly true. Courage is a mere matter of course among any ordinarily well-born youths; but neither truth nor gentleness is matter of course. You must bind them like shields about your necks; you must write them on the tables of your hearts. Though it be not exacted of you, yet exact it of yourselves, this vow of stainless truth. Your hearts are, if you leave them unstirred, as tombs in which a god lies buried. Vow yourselves crusaders to redeem that sacred sepulchre. And remember, before all things—for no other memory will be so protective of you—that the highest law of this knightly truth is that under which it is vowed to women. Whomsoever else you deceive, whomsoever you injure, whomsoever you leave unaided, you must not deceive, nor injure, nor leave unaided, according to your power, any woman, of whatever rank. Believe me, every virtue of the higher phases of manly character begins in this;—in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens; in truth and pity, or truth and reverence, to all womanhood.

J. RUSKIN, *The Crown of Wild Olive*. 1866.  
1819-1900.

## 'FOEMEN WORTHY OF OUR STEEL'

WOE be to that country whose military power is irresistible ! I deprecate such an event for Great Britain scarcely less than for any other land. Scipio foresaw the evils with which Rome would be visited when no Carthage should be in existence for her to contend with. If a nation have nothing to oppose or to fear without, it cannot escape decay and concussion within. Universal triumph and absolute security soon betray a state into abandonment of that discipline, civil and military, by which its victories were secured. If the time should ever come when this island shall have no more formidable enemies by land than it has at this moment by sea, the extinction of all that it previously contained of good and great would soon follow. Indefinite progress, undoubtedly, there ought to be somewhere ; but let that be in knowledge, in science, in civilization, in the increase of the numbers of the people, and in the augmentation of their virtue and happiness. But progress in conquest cannot be indefinite ; and for that very reason, if for no other, it cannot be a fit object for the exertions of a people, I mean beyond certain limits, which, of course, will vary with circumstances. My prayer, as a patriot, is, that we may always have, somewhere or other, enemies capable of resisting us, and keeping us at arm's length.

W. WORDSWORTH, Letter to Captain Pasley,  
March 28, 1811 (*Memoirs*, 1851).

1770-1850.

**PRINTED IN ENGLAND AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS**





